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THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

WE have never been either vehement partisans or vehement enemies of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and it is therefore with no personal feelings either of disappointment or exultation that we have watched the signs by which his true character has now for some years been unfolding itself, and which the recent French elections induce us briefly to review. Not that any reflecting person can contemplate his career with an interest any thing less than profound. The peace of Europe depends in so large a degree on the stability of the imperial *régime*, that we contemplate the proceedings of the French government with feelings akin to those with which we should watch the habits of the owner of a firework-manufactory carried on next door to our own house. Moreover, the Emperor himself has personally deserved so well of the English nation, that from mere good-will an Englishman can hardly help viewing his system of government with a more than common amount of anxiety.

Viewing his career, therefore, at once with the deepest interest, and without any special personal feelings of disappointment or gratification, we cannot help entertaining an increasing conviction that the Emperor Napoleon is not destined to fulfil the hopes which were formed regarding him, as the saviour of the French nation. Year after year goes on, and furnishes fresh signs of his deliberate adoption of a system, which, in our eyes at least, is far from calculated to rescue France permanently from her perils, or to impart to her those elements of prosperity without which neither can the Napoleonic dynasty survive, nor the empire remain in internal peace. The truth, and a most unwelcome one it

is, is forced upon us, that the present ruler of France is a brilliant despot, but not a great statesman nor the regenerator of a people.

When Louis Napoleon first mounted his throne, his course for a few months was clear to every man, of however ordinary a capacity. There could be no doubt what ought to be the new sovereign's first object; the only question was, how to attain it. That object was simply the enforcement of order; order absolute and supreme. Whatever was to be the future of France, her instant necessity was repose; at whatever cost, and by whatever means, revolutionism must be crushed. Whether by the force of arms; or by the abolition of every thing like parliamentary independence; or by the gagging of the press; or by the exile of dangerous men, however personally eminent or respectable; internal tranquillity must be first secured. The new emperor adopted all these means, with more or less severity of detail. He did his work perhaps as quietly, and with as little offence to individuals, as was possible. He grasped France with the iron hand; but he put on something very like the velvet glove, which it was said that his uncle did not always remember to put on when he seized the French people in his gripe.

Another, and a very difficult duty which lay before him, he also accomplished with irreproachable power and self-control. He cultivated the English alliance. He had the good sense to value the furious onslaughts of the English newspapers at their proper value. He simply overlooked them. He neither struck at our pride nor irritated our vanity; and the result followed, that, when he visited our country, he was met with a reception such as perhaps had never before been accorded to a foreign sovereign. The consequences were immeasurably beneficial to himself as the restorer of his dynasty. He was saved from the necessity of throwing himself into the hands of Russia; he shared with us half the difficulties of the late war, and obtained the lion's share of the glory: and he was in a position to put an end to the campaign just at the moment when it was of paramount importance to France to back out of the struggle, while this country was more ready than ever to continue it. Thus, by one tacking of his vessel, he took the wind out of the sails of his enemy, Russia, and of his friend and rival, Great Britain. Few new sovereigns have been favoured by fortune with such opportunities for consolidating their power and magnifying their reputation.

The Russian war was, however, but an episode in the emperor's history as the sovereign of a people still palpitat-

ing with the effects of seventy years of revolutions. So soon as tranquillity was established in France, and a "constitution" inaugurated calculated to ensure administrative quiet, whatever else might be its functions and deficiencies, came the time for remedying the national revolutionary disease, by attacking it in its causes. The external paroxysms were stopped by the obvious expedient of clapping the patient into a strait-waistcoat; what, then, was to be done to give sanity to the brain, and a healthy action to all the organs of the body?

Two courses lay open to Louis Napoleon: he might either trust to the mere effect of continued tranquillity, obtained at however terrible a cost, but accompanied with material wealth and prosperity; or he might seek to influence the *mind* of the French nation, in its various ranks, in such a way as at once to conciliate its friendship towards his system, and to cure it of its characteristic faults. The former system would necessarily be accompanied by the adoption of various devices for gratifying the caprices and passions of the more formidable and reckless portions of the people: the latter would require the gradual erection of national institutions of a kind to last by their own nature, and to work themselves by the very laws of their construction. The former is the system of the despot, the latter is the system of the statesman.

Unhappily for France and for the world, the French emperor has chosen the former, and rejected the latter system. Nor even in the method of governing which he has adopted, has he displayed any thing like the qualities of a mind of the highest and most prophetic order. Material prosperity is, of course, the one grand object of the legislation and administration of the intelligent despot. But it is very possible to force on a period of apparent national wealth at a cost and by means which, if not absolutely ruinous to the permanent prosperity of a people, are yet of a most perilous kind, and which tend directly to the deterioration of the national character. It is far easier, but it is far more dangerous, to govern a nation through its passions and infirmities, than by a sound and vigorous regimen which shall issue in a state of enduring health and manhood. There is nothing like an unlimited allowance of sugar-plums in a nursery, or of holidays and pocket-money in a school, for keeping children and boys quiet, and making yourself a popular nurse or schoolmaster for a few weeks; and of all nations in Europe there is no people whose foibles and whose inclinations are so manifest to the observer, and so easy to administer to by any government that happens to be holding the reins of power, as the

French people. They may be a most difficult people to discipline and to educate for better things, but they are the easiest in the world to quiet and to keep amused for a time, when once your troops are sufficiently numerous, and your exchequer has a balance at your command. The very facility of disposition with which they plunge into revolution leads them with habitual ease into all sorts of passionate or volatile excitement. The very recklessness with which they scorn the notion of law and authority, as such, and apart from the personal qualities of those who are the holders of office, disposes them to submit with the readiness of the lower animals to any power which is strong enough to put a bit in their mouth and a saddle upon their back.

No wonder, then, that Louis Napoleon was tempted to forget the dictates of sound policy, however clearly he understood them himself, and to sacrifice every thing to present quiet and a freedom of unlimited personal indulgence for his own tastes and pursuits. When he mounted the throne, he found existing in France sundry elements of national weakness and disaster in full operation. Of these the most important were: a tenure of land fatal to the extension of agriculture, accompanied with an urgent necessity for that extension; a debasement of the aristocratical class, very much the result of that same vicious territorial system; a morbid tendency to money speculation and gambling; a deep-seated prejudice against free-trade, of a specially suicidal influence in a country like France; an exaggerated fondness for military shows, and for external displays of all sorts and kinds; a deficiency in moral courage even in persons conspicuous for personal bravery, and that want of self-respect which is invariably the attendant of want of respect for others in the carrying on of public affairs; a vehement desire for the expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the periodical press, with a very faint sense of the responsibilities which attach to such expression; and crowning all, a general forgetfulness of the rights of law and authority, as such, an eager spirit of place-hunting and official immorality, with a habit either of opposing all government, or of trusting every thing to official energy and resources. Added to these elements of difficulty, there was the fact, that the intellect and moral strength of nearly all France was in no degree connected with the new *régime*,—either standing aloof from it, or regarding it with suspicion, disgust, or hatred. The new emperor stood alone among his countrymen. He had a few friends, but in the nation they were nobodies, and a host of satellites, who in the nation were worse than nobodies. The

intelligent *mind* of France, with few exceptions, held itself apart. It accepted his rule, as a refuge from anarchy; but it lent him no helping hand. It suspected him, or it abhorred him, or at best it knew nothing about him. Literature, science, and statesmanship united for once with the prejudices of the legitimists and the *hauteur* of the aristocracy, to show to the new emperor that there was no connection between him and them; and that as he had raised himself on his own claims alone, he must prove himself something more than the nephew of his uncle before he could claim to represent whatever was great, noble, and honourable in the French people.

Such were the gigantic social and political evils which the new sovereign found existing in the people whom he undertook to govern, and to govern well, and moreover to secure from future revolutions. What, then, has he actually done, or attempted to do, by way of radical cure for these elements of anarchy and decay? Literally nothing, or little better than nothing. If he has here and there slightly diminished the action of some perilous habit, in other points he has systematically fostered the causes of national disease; so that, except in the two points of tranquillity and a partial increase in the distinct religious sentiment, the French people, as an aggregate of living men and women, are perhaps in a less vigorous and healthy condition than when they submitted again to the Napoleon rule.

Take, first, the all-important subject of the tenure of land and property generally. The French law on the subject of the testamentary disposition of possessions is such, that the creation or continued existence of any thing approaching to large territorial property is practically out of the question. The French system is the extreme opposite of our own. The land of France, as a whole, is in the hands of petty proprietors, often descending to the level of mere peasantry. The result of this system is twofold: agriculture is kept in its infancy; and the existence of a class of gentry and aristocracy, whose position and power throughout the empire would check the frightful power and fierce red republicanism of the towns, is simply impossible. The calculations recently published in the valuable work of Latour Lavigne, the gentleman sent over by the emperor himself to inquire into the condition of British agriculture, show, that with all the advantages of the French climate, their agricultural knowledge is so defective, that it takes about three times as much land to keep a sheep in France as it does in this country. Similar disadvantages, of course, affect the produce of grain-crops.

Now the merest tyro in agricultural matters is aware that farming cannot improve, in countries like England and France, except through the increase of live-stock; in the next place, that the multiplication of live-stock requires an outlay of capital which is totally out of the reach of such small proprietors as the general class of landowners in France. Consequently, in spite of all the artificial machinery of agricultural shows in Paris, nothing national, nothing practical, is done or can be done, so long as it is impossible for large capitalists to expend their wealth upon farming.

To meet this enormous evil—this fruitful source of revolutions and decay—the emperor has done nothing but send a commissioner to England, and get up a few shows to amuse the *dilettanti* in cattle and sheep. He has not so much as laid his finger on *the* evil which is at the root of the whole. His courage, so much vaunted, evaporates the moment it is a question of affronting the peasantry, who believe in *him* as the incarnation of all wisdom and all glory. He has contented himself with the ignorant adulation of a multitude, by which he personally keeps his throne, though at the cost of fostering a diseased condition of the whole nation of France. A patriot, a statesman, whose object was the good of his country, would have aimed instantly at the gradual counteraction of that deadly system which was first consolidated by Louis XIV., and whose foundations were laid deeper than ever by the revolution of the last century. France can never be permanently and healthily rich and peaceful but by the vigorous development of her natural resources on sound principles of political economy, and by the creation of that manly, self-respecting, conservative element in her society, which can never exist where there can be no such thing as a territorial aristocracy and gentry. Had the emperor been a patriot, instead of dreading the erection of a class of men like the English gentry and aristocracy, among whom he would have moved as *primus inter pares*, and not like an oriental despot amidst a herd of courtiers, he would have bent his whole energies to objects very different from the pampering the passions of greedy stockjobbers and daring speculators.

This latter class, on the contrary, he has at once used as his instruments, and aided in their rashness. Probably since the days of Law and the celebrated South-Sea Bubble, the spirit of commercial gambling has never been so rife in France as it is at this moment. It has always been a weak point in the French character; and corresponds, in civil life, to that dash and brilliancy which Frenchmen display in war, and where dash and brilliancy are often as completely in place as

they are out of place in matters of trade and commerce. Paris is now the very paradise of stockjobbers and schemers; and, unhappily for the emperor and for France, they not only rule in their natural haunts, but they hold a place in the councils of the nation and in the court of the sovereign, where their pernicious habits will produce, and are producing, results the most demoralising and perilous.

These men, too, aid the emperor in his unfortunate taste for extravagance of display in externals; an extravagance which will go far to neutralise the undoubted development of French trade which has taken place during the present *régime*. It is one of the various points in which the emperor is unlike his uncle, that his taste is destitute of simplicity, and that his personal habits are of that luxurious and costly kind which rapidly degenerates into the simply vulgar, and too readily falls in with the national fondness for sacrificing the permanent and the useful to the temporary and the showy. The habits of Napoleon's court, his theatrical imitations of the sham sports and hunting parties of the *grand monarque*—a piece of trifling which is surprising in a man who has hunted at Melton, and really can ride across a country (especially when it is remembered who and what this herd of courtiers are)—is a sign of a hollow and vicious system, for which no present tranquillity can permanently compensate. It betrays a want of true moral and intellectual greatness in him who is the author of the whole, and must make every enlightened and patriotic man tremble for his country's future.

A similar indolent unwillingness to provide for a real future prosperity at the cost of present trouble, is to be seen in the emperor's conduct on the free-trade question. No one perceives more clearly than himself the necessity of the introduction of a free-trade policy, if France is to develop her own capabilities, and attain a healthy and self-sustaining commercial and manufacturing existence. The resources of her soil and climate are great; but the prejudices of many of her people are vehement in proportion to their ignorance. The same petty jealousy which once ruled in England, under the name of protection, is still dominant in France. Few of her staple productions are in a sound condition; the rest being, for the most part, either hampered by restrictions or forced by government nursing. The wine-trade has no fair chance in the markets of Great Britain, while all France is compelled to buy bad sugar at a high price, in order to keep up the beetroot interest; a pet scheme created by the first Napoleon, against all sound notions of economy, but necessi-

tated by his blind opposition to English interests. And so in other details. France suffers from the influence of a system utterly exploded by wise economists, and by none more cordially than by Napoleon himself. Yet he will not risk the loss of a breath of popular applause, or take any efficiently practical means for opening the eyes of the people to their own true interests. Boundless energy can be devoted to the getting up of spectacles for the mob, or for despatching troops to the seat of war, or for annihilating the freedom of a press which only whispers discontent; but at the first symptoms of dissatisfaction shown by a commercial clique, the imperial nibblings at free-trade are stopped, and no single measure of any kind is adopted to ensure the gradual formation of wiser opinions in the nation. Like an ill-managed nursery, full of naughty children, the French people are to be governed by being alternately silenced and spoilt. To train and educate them for a wise and virtuous life of their own, is a task too troublesome to be ever contemplated.

Paris, however, say the emperor's admirers, is becoming a gorgeous city of palaces. Were this true, what does it prove? Simply that an immense sum has been raised by taxation, and spent on bricks and mortar, while the condition of the people and the institutions of the country are left exactly where they were. By what abuse of language can we apply the term "statesmanship" to a scheme which merely keeps the republicans quiet by employing them to build buildings for the rich, and forcing other people to pay for them? This may be a very useful expedient for staving-off revolutions for a year or two; but it only does so by paving the way to future convulsions when these palliations can be no longer administered. Fine buildings ought to be the result of national prosperity and a sound social condition; they cannot create it. On the contrary, when forced forwards by a despotic power, on a rotten basis of economics, they actually hasten the ruin they are intended to prevent. Napoleon III. is finishing the Louvre; what did the commencement of the Louvre, and the other similar architectural splendours of the *ancien régime*, do for its perpetuity or for France? Augustus found old Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Who succeeded Augustus? and how many of the subsequent emperors of Rome died in their beds? We have no faith in the brick-and-mortar regeneration of a people.

The emperor's treatment of the press is a pregnant illustration of the entire spirit of his government. That the French people should prosperously exist without a periodical press and a vigorous and characteristic literature, is an impos-

sibility. It is as essentially a necessity of their civilisation as it is of ours. A Frenchman must express himself and his opinions. Silence is torture to him. To gag him is only to stimulate the latent fires of his mind. He must write and read books and newspapers by the very law of his Gallic temperament. It was, therefore, the obvious duty of the emperor, the moment he was secure on his throne, to recognise the existence of this national desire, and to provide for its healthy and sober exercise. The task might have been difficult; but its difficulties were not insurmountable. The highly cultivated ranks of French intellect are not so destitute of men of honour, sense, and self-command, as to be unable to supply an ample list of writers, who, if treated in a friendly and respectful spirit, and allowed a fair amount of liberty, would have discussed public affairs with a freedom which would have satisfied the nation without endangering the safety of the imperial *régime*. No doubt they would have said, at times, many things distasteful to the imperial palate, and even odious to the flatterers of the imperial court. They might even, at times, have created some degree of real embarrassment, though temporary, to the executive government. But would it not have been better to have endured all this, even incessantly, than to place the iron heel of a despotic police upon the mouth of a whole nation? to silence, with the same relentless rigour, the representative of constitutional order and of bloodthirsty anarchy; the adherents of an exiled royal family and the perpetrators of socialism and assassination; the defenders of ecclesiastical liberty and the votaries of immoral and antichristian license? It is the policy of the despot, and not of the statesman, absolutely to forbid all free criticism of his proceedings. And to suppose that a sovereign can conciliate the permanent attachment of the French people, of all people in the world, by stifling their voices the moment they attempt to say what they think of him, is a policy nothing short of suicidal. That the emperor is personally responsible for this determined and systematic repression of any thing approaching to free criticism, we very much doubt. It is the work, practically, of the sycophants and jealous officials who rule France in his name. He is too luxurious and pleasure-loving a man to give himself habitually to the *business* of governing, however stedfastly he may work when spurred by novelty or excitement, or forced onwards by the necessities of a crisis. He looks upon himself far too much as the child and the favoured instrument of destiny to be given to trouble himself overmuch with practical details. Your child of destiny is ever a rather

lazy fellow, who comes out on grand occasions as the *Deus vindex* when the *nodus* is sufficiently worthy of the apparition. But so it ever is with despots. The mischiefs perpetrated in their name and by their authority, by unprincipled officials, are far worse than any thing they would personally sanction, if they would take the trouble to look into every important affair for themselves.

As a natural accompaniment of this rigorous system of repression, the emperor has made no attempts towards conciliating the esteem and good-will of any section of Frenchmen respectable for their capacity or their character, with one solitary exception. Every thing that is noble in France, every thing that is intellectual, every thing which has *nothing personally to get* by subserving the present dynasty, stands aloof from the imperial presence, and finds itself more hopelessly alienated every year that passes. That a man with the emperor's antecedents, suddenly elevated to be master of France, should find all that is best and greatest in French statesmanship, literature, and society, eager to open its arms to him the moment he appeared on the scene, was out of the question. He could not be viewed with any feelings but those of doubt and anxiety, even by persons most willing to hope all things, and most eager to support any government which promised peace to France. Had the first minds in the nation thrown themselves into his arms without waiting to see what kind of a man he would prove himself, they would but have shown their own shallowness or worthlessness. So far from having a right to expect a better welcome than he received, Louis Napoleon was met with a more friendly reception than he had any right to look for. Nothing was known of him by the world in general to make thoughtful Frenchmen otherwise than suspicious. His past private history had nothing about it to conciliate confidence and respect towards his character, whatever might be the opinion of his capacity which had been formed by his personal intimates.

Knowing this, therefore, had he possessed the elements of true patriotic greatness, or true personal greatness, the new emperor, the moment he had shown France that he could insure her a temporary repose, would have devoted himself to the great work of conciliating all that was best and noblest in the French nation. Not that he ought to have truckled to them, or attempted to purchase them, or to soothe their irritation by flattering their vanity, or merging differences of principle and feeling; these baser methods would rather have served to strengthen their dislike than to conciliate their regard. His policy ought to have been to allow them all pos-

sible liberty, based on an appeal to their candour and forbearance, and on a manifest respect for their rights and feelings. He ought to have sought to attach them to himself through their virtues; and not to silence their opposition by showing them that he was in possession of irresistible power to crush them.

Yet what an unworthy exhibition of petty despotism has the policy of the imperial government too often displayed. Take its conduct towards two such distinguished Frenchmen, of different parties and different creeds, as Montalembert and Guizot; men of all others whom Napoleon ought to have made his friends, and whom he *could not* make his slaves. Here, in these recent elections, we have witnessed the government literally devoting itself to prevent the election of Montalembert to the Chamber, after "warning" the *Correspondant*, the organ of Montalembert and other illustrious Frenchmen, and the only French periodical which dares to remark on the dominant imperialism in a spirit of free, legitimate, and religious criticism. We are far from upholding the entire policy of the party whom Montalembert represents, and we think he himself occasionally commits a serious error; but when we see a man like him, unquestionably one of the first and most incorruptible of French statesmen, thrust out of the "representative" body, to make way for some flunkey of prosperous imperialism, we can only recognise in the conduct of the ruling power a token of its inherent weakness, and a sign of its utter want of self-respect and nobleness of character.

If it is charitably supposed that this last piece of spite does not proceed directly from the emperor, what shall be said in defence of the speech he made himself within the last twelvemonth, in which he condescended to send his card to M. Thiers, and at the same time administered a slap in the face to M. Guizot? Only conceive a royal speech in this country, in which the queen should pay off a powerful peer for not coming to court, or for criticising her government, by quoting with approbation a sentence from the writings of some political adversary, notorious alike for his brilliancy and his low standard of political morals. M. Thiers, indeed, we are glad to see, has made no sign of recognition of the imperial compliment, so palpably and grossly flattering; and we cannot help discerning in his silence and continued alienation a proof that he, at any rate, has little confidence in the stability of the present *régime*. M. Thiers, with all the dubious character of his political *morale*, enjoys a status as a statesman which exceeds that of all the imperial officials combined; and we can imagine that the emperor would be only too glad

to purchase his support at a high price. But either the bidding has been too public, or the purchaser is not accounted sufficiently solvent, to tempt the brilliant orator from his retirement; and the emperor has had the mortification of knowing that he has gone out of his way to affront one of the most venerable, and has failed to purchase one of the most purchasable, of all French statesmen. In the mean time, the French Academy has just now afresh signalised its disgust at the imperial ostracising of literary and political greatness, by electing M. de Montalembert, and M. de Falloux, his friend and associate, to two of its most distinguished offices.

The one solitary exception to this system of alienating all that is best in France is found in the civilities which the emperor has shown to the clergy in a few public acts of respect for religion, and in his sending an army to Rome to keep the Pope from being dethroned by his own subjects. All this is so far good and praiseworthy, and we would be the last persons to diminish the claims which the emperor has upon our respect or gratitude in these respects; but we cannot help noting two particular points, which serve materially to qualify any ideas we might entertain as to the excellence of the motives which have prompted a line of conduct so little in harmony with the rest of his proceedings. The first is the awkward fact, that until he married and settled down into domestic respectability, he was not giving many reasons for supposing that he was the kind of man to care much about religion as religion. We know well the inconsistencies of poor human nature in this respect, and that a man's faith may at times be sufficiently sincere to make him promote the interests of religion from motives in themselves good, and yet be not a little inoperative in other respects. When, however, a public personage holds out his hand to the ecclesiastical authorities, and in various ways fosters the improvement of public morals, it is but natural that people should scan his motives pretty closely, and ask who and what is this new reformer.

In the second place, it was clearly essential to the emperor's success that he should make friends of the parochial clergy throughout France. His chief support lies in the masses of the population scattered throughout the country at large. This population is eminently poor, and therefore is naturally led in its politics by the local clergy. Wherever there is universal suffrage among a peasantry, an immense influence is necessarily exercised by landed proprietors in a country situated like England, or by the Catholic clergy in a country situated like France. To suppose that the vast herds

of field-labourers in France or England can act upon any political opinions which are discountenanced by the priesthood or the landlords, except in cases of agitation amounting to actual revolution, is absurd. It was therefore absolutely necessary that a Buonaparte should make the French clergy his friends. Without any undue exercise of spiritual influence, they would naturally either immensely strengthen or diminish his reputation among the voters, and at all costs must be conciliated. We confess, therefore, that in the absence of all proof tending in another direction, we cannot see in the emperor's support of the Church any thing more than the policy of a ruler whose one great end was the consolidation of his own personal power.

As to the improvement which in certain respects has taken place in French morals and religion, it in no way militates against the views of the imperial policy which we have expressed. It is owing to the direct action of the religious principle, as enforced by the example and teaching of a zealous clergy and of that portion of the French laity which is sincerely Christian. Whatever may be the personal character of the emperor and empress, and whatever the "homage," to use the characteristic French term, paid to the "ministers of religion" on fitting occasions, it would be too foolish to speak of the general *entourage* of the court as breathing an atmosphere of any thing that is great, whether in the way of morals, intellect, literature, science, or good taste. The outrageous extravagance in dress which has characterised the imperial court, is a sufficient indication, in modern times, of the class of persons who hold official sway, and attempt to give the tone to fashionable society under the auspices of the sovereign. Whatever be the cause, and to whomsoever the blame is to be attributed, the fact is fearfully clear, that the present ruler of France is surrounded by men and women, among whom are to be found few of those who constitute the real, permanent strength and greatness of the upper classes of national society.

Such, we fear, is the present position of the Buonaparte dynasty. It furnishes a sad augury for the future, for it promises no solution of the problems which have agitated the French people for so long a period. The French *mind* is more destitute of self-controlling and disciplined organisation than ever. If the emperor were now to die, France would be less prepared than ever *to help herself;* and to be able to help herself, is what she so bitterly needs. The emperor is the founder or restorer of a dynasty, in which he is the only man of genuine power of character. Did such a dynastic

founder ever yet leave his authority to his descendants in peace? The first Napoleon sought to strengthen himself by the adherence of all that was vigorous in the French mind which he could attach to his *régime;* but where are the great men now?

Whether the emperor will at length see the necessity for adopting a new policy, it is impossible to foretell. He is one of those men whose character is so exceptional, that it is extremely difficult to guess what he will do in any given emergency. We fear ourselves that he will make no change, unless it be for the worse. Yet the recent elections ought to open his eyes. Nearly one half the votes of Paris given directly against the government candidates in the recent elections, constitute a fact of most ominous significance. Surely, if he chose to inaugurate a more truly national system of ruling France, it is not too late to begin. The mind of France cannot yet have finally determined against him.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS POUNDES.

[Concluded.]

Our readers will remember that Poundes had sent to Mr. Tripp the letter which he had addressed to the council, with a request to that versatile gentleman to fulfil the promise he had made by presenting it, and backing the petition it contained. Nothing was farther from the thoughts either of Mr. Tripp, or of his fellow, Mr. Crowley. This respectable preacher had been collated* to a prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1563; but had been deprived, in 1565, for some cause which history is unwilling to disclose, but which must have been no small scandal, considering the free-and-easy clerical morality of those palmy days of Protestantism. By this time he had retrieved his disgrace by his multifarious and libellous writings, in prose and rhyme, against the religion and persons of Catholics, and had even been preferred to the rectory of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Heylin tells us that he was a great predestinarian, and that he answered the books of the more moderate Protestants with the same impudent scurrility which he employed against Papists. Poundes might have trusted more safely to the honour of a hangman than to that

* Bliss's Additions to Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, sub voce "Crowley."

of these two very Protestant ministers and controversialists, as he soon found. It was on the 8th September that he sent his letter to Mr. Tripp; on the 12th he received the following shuffling answer:

"*S.P. in Domino.*—Mr. Pounde, touching your letter meant privately, wherein you require my answer to your six reasons, craving some pardon for your pleasant allusion to my name, that is not any thing to me; for either I can be contented to let it pass, or answer it with the like, if I might be bold to tell you that all your six reasons weigh not one pound, as shall appear by that which shall be answered. I was not minded (to tell you the truth) to have answered them at all, Mr. Crowley undertaking to answer them, and having your copy, of whose sufficiency in answering I doubt not. And if you mean to continue interchange of reply and answer, it is enough to encounter with one, hand to hand. It is said, *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos.* I confess myself the weaker of the two, and therefore thought to have abstained; but I will yield my answer to you at my leisure, howbeit I think you will not think it meet that the credit of the best learned on our side should depend upon my answer,* no more than the credit of your whole cause and of the best learned on your side on your defence. For it were no reason that your learned men should be discredited wholly by your slender handling of the cause, or that your cause should wholly quail by your default, or ours by mine, except both you and I could bring all that the best learned on both parts are able to bring. Howbeit if your reasons are overweighed, I wish you should in sincerity yield, rather than to save your credit to confess an error in yielding to the truth. But for this matter the event shall show where truth most resteth.

Touching your supplication to the council, I am ready to prefer the same; but this I think to be a defect in it, that preferring it in the name of all, and avouching it to be done with consent of a few, you only subscribe your name. I suppose it were meet that a few more should subscribe with you, lest you seem to have done it with your own head only. Bethink you whether I advise you well or not, and see return it to me again. Fare you well; this 12th of September 1850. Yours in the Lord, wishing to you as to myself.

HENRY TRIPP."

Poundes was not the man to be taken in by Tripp's hypocrisy; so he returned him the following reply, in which we know not whether to admire most the direct incisiveness of the arguments, the playfulness of the good-nature, or the charity that could command so cheerful and resigned a temper in the midst of such grotesque and impudent injustice:

"Sir,—I thank you for undertaking to answer me at length,

* We must remember that Poundes had asked Tripp to send an answer to which the learned Protestants could not plead *unprivity*.

though at your leisure—you pleaded some want of leisure at my first delivery of it. You seem to show some fairness in that you would not have me overcharged with two at once, though your coming in couples at first to confer with every single man alone in his chamber was not so even as your pretence. Moreover, you have robbed yourself of half the glory of your victory in accounting my reasons to be so light and so easy to be overweighed, and yet that they should be so long in counterpoising. If they had been any thing weighty, they might have asked some time to chaw upon them; but being of no weight, you might have stamped them by this time in a mortar, so as they should never have stuck in any body's teeth, as otherwise perchance they will, unless they be well answered, better indeed than by playing with my name, which you are welcome to do. I urge you to no haste in weighing them, lest you mistake your weights, and use balance or weights not allowed by the clerk of the market throughout the Catholic commonweal—*Statera justa, et æqua sint pondera;*

Let balance be true and weights upright,
And then, I say, God speed the right.

Touching your sending back our supplication for its pretended defect of having only my signature, you can witness for me to the council that it was the common request of most, both of your party and ours, that you would have it preferred to the council as their common suit; so far off am I, as you can witness, from doing it only of my own head. I hope, therefore, that your testimony will be sufficient for me. I presume thus far on your justice for your profession's sake; and I am partly forced to do so because I cannot get the signatures of close prisoners without endangering both them and their keepers. Our keeper, moreover, does not like the proceeding, as I suppose few of the deepest heads of your side do, whatever some may pretend; pardon my plainness: in these matters I can only speak as I think. But if you must needs have more signatures, I would rather have leave to procure those of the chief of our side in England, than present a list of inferior names, whose petition would be more contemned for their obscurity than one signed as this is in all our names universally; for you may be sure that all the rest are of the same mind as you found us. I hope, therefore, that my offer may be sufficient, for I cannot gage more than my life. If, therefore, you require more signatures before you will prefer it, it is probably for some delay, or some other end, into which I will draw no man, though I offer my own life in the common cause. You have the choice, then, either to prefer it according to your promise, or else to abide the discredit of having it thought that you were afraid to have it go forward. Nevertheless, I have added to it a letter to the Lord of London, which I beseech you to carry to him with our supplication, under seal as before, to remain as much longer under his deliberation. If it comes back any more, none of our side will need doubt what bad liking you have to it. Your well-wisher in our Lord,

T. P."

The following is his letter to Bishop Aylmer, to which he refers in the conclusion of the foregoing:

"*Our Letter to the Superintendent* of London.*

"Understanding, as we do, that your side will not refuse a conference, for which we have all with one common cry petitioned, we humbly beseech you not to suppress our petition when it shall come to your hands, but to prefer it to the council, to whom it is made; with further request, if you will make it, that it may not stay there, but may come to her majesty's sight: this will be most to the honour of your cause, at least so far forth; for you may be assured that if *you* stand on points of policy more than we stand on our lives in trial of God's truth, yet there are thousands (as it may be presumed) even of your side, who would put up the same petition to the queen, rather than that this trial, of so much importance to them, should not be seen. It is, therefore, a matter of some weight, whereon your credit is staked. And if you have any confidence that the truth is on your side, it behoves you, now you have gone so far, to labour as much as we, by like petition, to have the matter brought to open trial, which God of His mercy grant, to whom we commend you, wishing you no worse than to our own souls. Dated upon the day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross of Christ, the 14th of September 1580."

This Aylmer was no better than his understrappers and henchmen, Tripp and Crowley; there was the same hypocritical pretence of a desire to refer all differences and disputes to fair and open conference, and the same adoption of all possible secret methods of preventing any such conference taking place. His letters to Lord Burghley, imploring him to stop the disputes in the Tower with Campian, on account of the harm they did the people, are still extant in autograph in the British Museum, and afford valuable testimony both to the power of the martyr's eloquence and to the knavery and trickery of his antagonists. On this occasion, however, the Bishop was under no need of consulting Burghley; Poundes was not so high game as Campian, and his tormentor might do what he pleased with him without being answerable to any body. We have seen by these letters what was the pretence of Tripp, Crowley, and Aylmer; let us now see how their actions agreed with their professions. We quote the Protestant annalist Strype as our authority:

"Another Popish gentleman there was about these times, named Thomas Pond, sometime a courtier, that had lain in prison for some years: him the Bishop thought convenient now to remove from London unto another prison more remote, namely, his castle at Bishop's Stortford, to prevent his infecting others by his talk; for some such

* *i.e.* Protestant Bishop.

information, and what a dangerous person he was, was brought to the Bishop by Tripp and Crowley, two ministers who went to confer with him."

Then follows the account of the dispute that led to Poundes's writing his six reasons; after which the annalist concludes:

"Upon this relation given of Pond by the ministers, the Bishop thought fit to remove him to the aforesaid castle, being, as the Popish writers say, much provoked and angry. And they describe it to be an obscure and melancholy place, void of both light and converse."*

Soon after his arrival at his new prison, he wrote a letter, describing its gloom and misery, to his old friend Sir Christopher Hatton, the vice-chamberlain, who appears to have taken some interest in him, and to have made some ineffectual efforts to interpose between the Bishop and his victim:

"Your noble courtesy already shown towards me, in writing so exceeding friendly, as you lately did, to my lord of London for some favour towards me, at least for your sake, though it were but a few days' respite, to clear some of my debts before I was removed (though it could not be granted), and in terming me your old acquaintance and companion both at court and previously in the inns of court, emboldens me to beseech you to take no denial of this much favour towards me, that some man or boy may be admitted to me in this miserable and desolate place to bring my diet, or any other service for necessity of nature, even though he should be searched at times of his coming, if there is such jealousy of me. O God, Sir Christopher, I would you saw what a place I am brought into! Here is nothing but a huge vast room, cold water, bare walls; no windows, but loopholes, too high to look out at; no bed nor bedstead, nor any place fit for it; no chimney, no table, no light for any but the homeliest things. In the middle of the house a huge pair of stocks, such a pair of virginals, as made my poor boy look askance across my cold harbour, though far too big either for his fingering or for his footing. Nothing else but chains, of which I am not yet worthy; if there is neither meat nor drink for love or money, the end will be but short. And yet, what is all this, or ten times more, for heaven! Shall hunger or cold, or stenching or tainting, or any kind of persecution, separate us from the holy unity of Christ's Church, for which He shed His precious blood? God forbid! I am at your mercy and the queen's while our pining time continues, whether this request of mine is granted or no. But I have good hope, if your honour will vouchsafe to present my petition, that her highness will not be vanquished by her vassal, but that, even for the poetical present's sake which she disdained not to accept at poor Mercury's hand at Killingworth Castle, she will now vouchsafe of her princely

* Strype, Life of Aylmer, c. ii.

good-nature to give me as good a gift again for double requital thereof. I only ask this; and her highness knows what is written, 'That it is a blesseder thing to give than to take.' I humbly beseech your honour, in your wisdom and discretion, to try once more what stead you can stand me in according to your good-will, whereby you shall even bind me more and more unto you. At Starford, before my entering, this 18th of September 1580. Your servant to God in daily prayer, THOMAS POUNDES."

The comparison of the stocks to the virginals (the pianoforte of those days) is whimsical in itself, and well introduced in this letter to the person who presided over the court-revels, and who had doubtless often made use of the musical and poetical accomplishments of the disgraced and imprisoned courtier. It was, perhaps, through Hatton's interference, that his confinement in this hole lasted not one year. Two anecdotes of his conduct at Bishop's Stortford are preserved by More and Bartoli. When the smith was called in to fasten the fetters on his legs—for he was kept in chains—as the iron was being fitted, he stooped down to kiss it, in token of his joyful acceptance of the yoke of Christ; the churl, loth to be interrupted in his office, hit the confessor over the head with the iron and drew blood. When he expressed some sorrow for having hurt him, "Never mind," said Poundes; "I would willingly shed my heart's blood for the same cause."—"What cause?" asked the smith. Poundes related his own history in such a manner as to convince his hearer of the truth of his religion, to which the smith was soon after reconciled, and was thereupon thrown into prison, where he died the death of a martyr. It was here also that Poundes was visited by Norton, afterwards so notorious for his savage cruelty in racking Campian and Brian, who went back and tried to persuade Walsingham that he was mad, and that Bedlam would be the fittest place for him. Catholic writers have not failed to notice that Norton's own wife really went mad some time after; and, as appears by a document in the State-Paper Office of March 27, 1582, continued so in spite of all the exorcisms of "good Mr. Reynolds" and Fox the martyrologist. Norton plainly implies that he considered hers a case of possession; and talks of his "poor innocent wife" as though she were a victim of the diabolical machinations of the Papists.

After spending the better part of a year at Stortford, Poundes was taken back to the Marshalsea; from which place he was transferred to the Tower, August 31, 1581, on occasion of the excitement attendant on the rackings and conferences of Campian and his companions. Here he showed his

usual fearless anxiety for the honour of the Catholic cause and all its confessors. When the Protestants spread abroad the calumnious lie that Campian had confessed every thing relating to the English Catholics, he wrote to the martyr to know the truth of the report, and to encourage him to perseverance. Campian's reply belongs more to his own history than to that of Poundes, so we pass it over here. It was this reckless daring that gained for our friend the name of madman from so many Protestants; other Catholics, though perhaps just as firm in religion as he was, employed an apologetic tone, and studiously avoided any appearance of dogmatism or positiveness calculated to enrage or disgust their opponents. Intellectually and morally, he was one of that daring species of men whom to know is to love: they are generally men of great bodily strength—jolly giants, who are fearless, not so much because they have conquered fear, but because they have never known what fear was; they accomplish the most astounding feats in the most natural manner possible, without a thought of their difficulty or danger; they will ride straight at a turnpike-gate, the first time they are set on horseback; they will drive their gig through the water and leap it into the departing ferry-boat, without a notion of its being safer to expect its return; they are the men who rush into the burning house, or plunge with boots on into the water, to rescue a perishing creature; they lead forlorn hopes, though they may not be capable of directing an army; they are the bravest, the simplest, the most lovable of men, though perhaps not the wisest counsellors nor the most prudent leaders.

The very day when he was brought to the Tower was that on which Campian, after being duly prepared by two rackings, was suddenly, without notice, without books, and with strict injunctions only to answer, never to object, brought to the Tower chapel to dispute with Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, and Day, Dean of Windsor. These two honest men, more than a year after Campian's death, published a veracious account of this famous disputation. It appears by their own statement, that Campian had written that Luther had called St. James's Epistle an epistle of straw; Nowell and Day denied the fact, and challenged him to prove it, offering at the same time certain English editions of Luther's works, wherein the offensive words did not appear. Campian naturally enough affirmed that the editions were garbled, and demanded to have his own books; whereupon he was told that he was an impudent mouther. This and similar courtesies gave great offence to the Catholics, who complained that the

brace of deans had not behaved politely. The deans are careful to defend themselves from this charge, which they do in the following way:

"Truth it is, that upon his (Campian's) often and fierce affirmation, that all the printed books of Luther in England were false; and upon Poundes's odious interpellations (as, 'we know you to be a good Terence man'), and his most scornful looks through his fingers, staring upon him (one of the deans) continually while he was reasoning with Master Campian, to put him out of his memory;—he, being offended both with Poundes's mocking words and looks, and with Campian's shameless sayings (viz. the perfectly true assertion that Luther *had* written the words *Epistola straminea*), broke out with *Os impudens*, as he thinketh most deservedly on their parts."*

Poundes must have been a terrible fellow, to have put a dean out of countenance by looking at him; he was, moreover, just as impatient of Catholic cowardice as of Protestant dishonesty. One day he was present in court when a priest on trial was boggling at the question, whether the Pope or queen were supreme over the Church, and was involving himself in shifts; when Poundes cried out aloud, "Say the Pope, man; say the Pope. Who has better right than he?"

In May 1585 some one, employed by Walsingham to report on the prisoners, and on the course proper to be taken with them, mentions Poundes as still in the Tower, "for religion only committed, and for intelligence with Jesuits and priests; a dangerous man, and apt for any practice; fit to be banished." Banished, however, he was not; but shortly afterwards delivered from the Tower and committed to the custody of his mother, upon bond not to depart out of England. But he did not long enjoy even this relative liberty. He evidently ventured up to London, where he employed himself in visiting and comforting the imprisoned priests and recusants. He was again apprehended, Sept. 1, 1586, by the magistrates of Surrey, who sent the following letter about him to Walsingham:†

"Upon the late bruit of arriving of foreign forces, watches being provided, and order taken for stay of seditious bruits and for searches of suspected places—upon search, one Mr. Poundes, of the Co. of South[t] was found, that heretofore hath had (as he saith) twelve years' imprisonment for religion (as he pretendeth, but he is either impaired in mind or otherwise); giveth very rash and

* Nowell and Day: a True Report of the Disputation, or rather Private Conference, had in the Tower of London with Ed. Campian, Jesuit, the last of August 1581.

† State-Paper Office, Domestic, same date.

unadvised speeches, affirming that the cause of foreign forces was by reason of robberies and piracies, and not by the Catholic means; and that he meant to have made bonfires: and being demanded why he would so have done, he affirmed that it was to declare his innocency; and when these speeches were misliked, and it was said to him he was to go with the officer for his forthcoming, he said that then he was sure he should remain during the queen's life. The same speeches being also suspected as proceeding either of guilty conscience or else of some hope of her majesty's peril, we have also sent your honour a letter found with him, and as it seemeth written to him. And in consideration hereof, as for that also he confessed himself to be the man named in certain papers of notes of such as were suspected, we have committed him to prison; he allegeth that by the lords of the privy council he was committed to the keeping of his mother. We will proceed further with him as we shall be directed by your honour, or otherwise leave him to your honourable wisdom.

EDWARD FENNER, EDWARD BELLINGHAM,
EDWARD SAWYER, WILLIAM GARDYNER."

Southwark, 1st Sept.

The following is the letter written to Poundes, to which reference is made in the foregoing document:

"LETTER TO MR. POUNDES.

✠ *Sub cruce laboro.*

GOOD SIR,—As I was verye glade to heare that youe were plunged oute of the ponds and pitts of infinite perills when youe were freed frome the tragicall Towers, whence rather was expected youre marterdome then youre enlargement; so hearinge y^{t} youe were *relegatus in insula* and confined to a place of perpetuall imprisonment never to be sene or harde of of youre lovinge frends dwringe the tymes of persecutyon: I asswre youe even *Gladius doloris pertransivit animam meam quod talem amicum amiserim, cujus amicitia tam jucundissima olim perfrui solebam.* Howbeit nowe latly, havinge receyved youre goulden cordiall coumforte, and made partaker wth my aflicted frende of youre country's prouysye,* *et tibi gratulor et mihi gaudeo, et habetur et referetur a me* (*cum potero*) *tibi gratia semper.* And forasmuch as, being acquainted wth your zealous godly constancy, I have known your disposition to be delighted rather wth authentical antiquities than wth new-fangled novelties, I send for your new-year's gift an oulde booke of Contemplative Centiloquies, in w^{ch} ar comprysed a swete delectable himme made of the Cros wth a dolefull songe of the nitingall toutchinge Christ's passion, w^{ch} youe will putt pen to paper to give it a new Inglishe liverye. *Utere, fruere, lege, relege, perlege, contemplando meditare, et meditando contemplare, et* (*quam graphice poteris*) *in nostram Jdeomam* [sic] *traducito, sic semper honos nomenque tuum sine fine*

* *i.e.* prowess.

manebunt. Thus being merye w^th^ my sorrowes when I wryte unto youe, besechinge oure Lorde to bles youe w^th^ all benedictyons temperall and eternall, I ende. *Vive, vale; superes longos Nestoris annos.*

Tuus pro arkitratu [sic] *tuo,*
STEPHANUS CAPTIVUS."

This *Stephanus Captivus* is probably Stephen Rousham, the martyr of Gloucester, who had been long Poundes's fellow-captive in the Tower, having been brought there May 19, 1582; kept in the hole called Little-ease for eighteen months and thirteen days, and then removed, Feb. 12, 1584, to the Marshalsea. He was banished in the following year. The "Golden Cordial Comfort" was probably a poem of the sufferings of Catholics, which Poundes had sent him.

The next piece of original information concerning Poundes is the following extract of a letter written by the notorious persecutor, Justice Young, to Walsingham, August 26, 1587:

"Whereas you think it convenient that some should be sent to Wisbeach, it is most assured that living here in London *at liberty in the prisons* they do much harm to such as resort unto them, especially William Wigges, Leonard Hide, and George Collinson, priests, prisoners in Newgate; Morris Williams, an old priest, prisoner in the Clink; and Thomas Pound, prisoner in the White Lion, taken as a layman, but (as Tirrell* assureth me) he is a professed Jesuit, admitted by one substituted by Parsons while the said Pound was prisoner in the Tower. These are most busy and dangerous persons, and such as in nowise are worthy of liberty, neither are they within the compass of the last statute; so that Wisbeach will be a convenient place for them. There are many others which will appear to be of the same sort; but forasmuch as these are principal malefactors, and that perhaps they be a number sufficient to be carried thither at one time, I forbear to speak of the others."

To Wisbeach, accordingly, he was sent, where he was still remaining in 1595. For the rest of his life we have no further information from original sources, but we add the following particulars from More and Bartoli. When he was liberated in the general amnesty accorded by James I. on his accession, Poundes thought the time was come to expose the iniquity with which the Catholics had been treated so long. Accordingly he collected proofs of the monstrous injustice of two

* Anthony Tirrell, priest, was taken, renounced his religion, and revealed the names and hiding-places of his former companions; got liberty, and recanted; was taken, and became a second time an apostate; after which he escaped and went abroad, and was again reconciled to the Church. His letter to the queen, in which he attributes his fall only to fear and to dissoluteness of life, may be read in Strype's Annals, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 615.

judges in the trial and condemnation of two Catholics in Lancashire, which he embodied in a memorial to the king. This petition probably never reached James's hands; it stopped in those of the lords of the council, who cited the petitioner before the Star-chamber. The cause was tried Nov. 29, 1604, and occupied eight hours; in grotesque unfairness, it is very similar to the trial of Lord Vaux and Sir Thomas Tresham, which we published in January. The attorney-general commenced with a bitter invective against libels, then against libellers; from them he passed to Catholics, and reminded the court of the bull of Pius V., the rebellion in the North, and the other stock-memoranda. Poundes soon became aware that he was the accused instead of the accuser; and he was asked how he knew what judgments were passed in Lancashire, a place so distant from Hampshire or London? What accomplices had he? He must tell or be tortured. As to the condemnation of the two Catholics, the attorney asserted it to have been just and legal. After him the chancellor, the treasurer, the judges, and the other lords gave their opinions, all against Poundes; the chancellor summed up, condemning him to a fine of 1000*l.* and to lose his ears. The latter part of his sentence, in consideration of his age, was changed to having to stand in the pillory, first at Westminster and then in Lancashire, with an ear nailed to the post. At each place, a paper was to be put round his hat with a confession of his offence: a confession they knew they should never get out of his mouth. Then he was to be taken back to prison till he either conformed or died. After an ineffectual interposition of the queen and Spanish ambassador, James remitted this sentence at the request of the French and Venetian envoys.

Poundes was not very rich after he had wasted his property at court, but he affirmed to the Bishop of Winchester that he had paid upwards of 4000*l.* in fines for religion alone; multiply that sum by twelve, and we shall have the present equivalent of the cost of Catholicity to an English gentleman of the sixteenth century. Poundes did not go abroad, as he signifies his intention of doing at the end of his account of his imprisonments; he died in his own house, in 1616, aged 76. The following letter to Father Parsons will explain the reasons of his staying in England:

"I rejoiced exceedingly when your letter, dated the 3d of January, was given me, especially at the salutation of Father Claudius (Aquaviva the general) to me the least and most unworthy of his sons; it was long since I had received any thing from you. From that day till the 15th of May I was left uncertain what our superior here, the gentlest and humblest of men, wished me to do; at last

his letter made it too clear. To speak the truth, I am greatly ashamed of so many years' silence, and on my knees, nay on the ground at your feet, I ask your pardon; for I have neither gone to my superior as I ought, nor have I written to your reverence; and I confess that I can find no hole to let in a fair excuse for my negligence. But your reverence opens to me the bowels of your charity, perhaps for the sake of blessed Edmund Campian, whose memory is in benediction. Your reverence loved him, I honoured him by all means in my power. And not only in this letter, but also in your books (which are a comfort to England, and out of England are useful to multitudes), I am spoken of with such praise, that whenever I read, or hear them read, I blush all over. I must congratulate you, most reverend father, on your having wrestled with God, like a second Israel, for the preservation and conversion of England. For myself (whom God has permitted to suffer somewhat) I claim nothing, for I deserve nothing. I subscribed my last letter to our father — *Tot annis in statera appensus Thomas Pondus*,—'The pound that has been so long weighed in the scales.' If then or afterwards I did any thing, it was the gift of God, not my deed. I wrote you no letter, my dearest father; that was my cowardice and narrowness of mind. Certes, I blame my own negligence, that for so long a time no sign of friendliness or gratitude has been given by me towards those whom I honour in a manner that is not unknown to our rulers here. Whence, you ask, is this fear and cowardice? From delay, I believe. For after being carried from prison to prison for thirty years for the sake of Christ and the Gospel; after having to pay first 60*l.*, then for twenty years 80*l.* a-month for my recusancy, when I thought to pass beyond sea, having transferred my property to my two nephews (whom, though born of heretical parents, I had educated as Catholics), and had, so to speak, one foot on shipboard, my superior, at whose command I behave myself as an old man's staff, ordered me to remain, till he knew what our father and your reverence might resolve. So, bereft of hope, and yet long hoping in vain, tossed too with many a storm, I nevertheless resolved to offer myself, though late, naked, and poor, like an old withered tree, that if perchance the old stump might bear any fruit in this autumnal fall of my days, it might be your reverence's gain and consolation. You then ask, with your usual charity, what I am doing? with what mind, fruit, or comfort, I progress in the life I have undertaken? Well, I hope, and happily. For what I once answered to the man who put on my chains when I was taken to Framingham, that I say now, and I hope shall say while I live. These weeds, which I wear instead of the habit of the society, I would not change for a king's crown. I live with my aforesaid nephews, in all frugality: for I have not so much wealth as is generally supposed; for because I give more to the poor than my neighbours, I am called rich; and because I do not value a straw that which others gape after, most honest men look on me with favour. After my one meal at noon (a mode of ab-

stinence which I could wish to see familiar to the fishers of souls), I eat some bread and cheese in the evening; I drink beer, for I have forsworn both wine and doctors: *cibus est medicinæ valenti*,—'food is the strong man's physic.' For these last three years I have had much ado with my servants to keep to this mode of life; but I do keep to it, and, by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and the whole court of heaven, will keep to it. For I do not think that I have gained the prize of our high calling, but I push forward to gain it. Your reverence must help me with your prayers.

Your most affectionate, but most unworthy son,

THOMAS POUNDES."

Though our biography of Poundes has extended to a considerable length, it is a mere nothing in comparison of what might still, we believe, be collected concerning him. Bartoli had seen a book, in fifty chapters, compiled from Poundes's journals of daily occurrents during the forty years of his imprisonment. His graphic and lively letters were scattered about among all his friends; and if they could be collected, they would form one of the most ample treasuries of the history of the English Catholics, from 1575 to 1615, that could be even hoped for. We imagine that many must be still extant in the archives of the Jesuits in Italy, and in the public libraries in France and Belgium, or wherever documents formerly belonging to the English colleges are now stored up.

SEYMOUR'S CURSE;

OR,

THE LAST MASS OF OWSLEBURY:

A Legend of Edward the Sixth's Reign.

BY CECILIA CADDELL.

HE told them that the hour had come at last for which he had prayed from childhood,—the hour when he should be called upon to give his life, as his father had done before him, for the faith that was in him, and which he had preserved whole and intact since the day when he took it at the baptismal font. He assured them, that if he addressed them beforehand, it was neither to ask for life, nor yet, as many who were about to suffer did, for the grace of a speedy death; on the contrary, they might strike him down at once if so it liked them, or they might hew him into a thousand pieces if

that should please them better, since the longest death was not too long for that eternity which was to be the guerdon of its endurance.

Nevertheless he had a word to say to them, and a prayer which he trusted they would not deny him. He longed for death, it was true; and yet he longed still more, if possible, to die in the living warm embraces of the divine victim in whose name and for whose faith he was about to do so; and therefore he besought them, as men yet retaining some human tenderness within their breasts,—as Christians who had not yet entirely banished all belief and reverence for the divine mysteries from their convictions,—to bear with him yet a little longer, and to grant him time from the moment of consecration to that of holy communion, when the God who during that brief space had visited the altar would once more be enshrined safe from all contumely in the little poor temple of his heart. Without a pledge to that effect, he might not proceed with the service of the Mass;—he could not, and he dared not, expose his Lord to such sacrilege as must be the inevitable consequence of any attempt upon his own life before the consummation of the Divine Sacrifice. If, however, they would plight themselves not to fall upon him before he himself gave the signal by descending from the altar, he would trust entirely to their honour and proceed. Perhaps during the time of Mass God might touch their hearts with better thoughts, and that would be well for them; but if He did not, or they were deaf to His inspirations, in that case it would be well for him instead, since, with his Saviour in his heart, he would pass at once right to the very heart of his Saviour, there, as he hoped, to pray for those who, in guilt indeed, and yet, as he trusted, in some ignorance of the magnitude of their crimes, had procured him that haven of unutterable repose.

Bernard had commenced this address in a low and intentionally calm voice; but as he proceeded, he could not entirely check the torrent of gladness that inundated his whole frame at the prospect of approaching martyrdom. His cheek flushed; his eyes grew dazzling in the supernatural light that filled them; his voice rose full and clear until it filled every corner of the church with its impassioned eloquence; body and soul, in fact, seemed dissolving together in the ecstasy of joy that seized him; and when he turned to Sir Henry, and singling him out from the crowd of lesser ruffians at his back, exclaimed, "Dost thou accept the compact, Seymour?" the effect was electrical.

The entire congregation rose *en masse*, and as if by one simultaneous movement, in their keen anxiety that his prayer

should be admitted. The very men who were to be his murderers shared the general feeling; and perceiving, after one quick glance around him, that he was in the minority, and that any obstinate refusal might ultimately lead to the absolute rescue of his victim, Sir Henry sullenly, and with evident reluctance, gave the required pledge, by curtly and sharply saying, "I do accept it."

"It is well, and I thank thee, Seymour," Bernard merely answered; and instantly turning towards the altar, he resumed the service where he had left it off, becoming in a moment as much absorbed and recollected as though it had never been interrupted. Far otherwise was it with the feelings of the assistants. They could not forget the terrible sacrifice by which it was to be concluded, and few were the prayers said afterwards, unless, indeed, the earnest and united wish of all for the safety of their pastor might be termed, as in fact it was, a prayer.

Each moment increased their agony, as each moment added to his joy, to the impassioned fervour of his voice, to the inspired beauty of his countenance; and when at length the words of the *Domine non sum dignus*, uttered with a fervour that made all things else seem cold beside them, fell from his lips, a shudder seized upon the whole congregation, which was audible even at the foot of the altar.

It was in the midst of the solemn silence that ensued that Bernard received the boon he had so urgently prayed for, the Body and Blood of the Divine Victim of the altar; and when he afterwards turned once more, and for the last time, towards the people, it was the face they thought of a seraph they saw rather than of a man. He turned towards them; for he would not wait even to finish the last gospel, so was he longing for the consummation of his own sacrifice. He turned, yet he could not speak, for joy most unutterable was in his heart; but he waved his hand in token that he was ready, and then, without removing his vestments, descended at once to the lowest step of the altar, and knelt down to die. It was the signal which he himself had chosen; and a wail filled the church as though he were already dead. The paid murderers of the Seymour hung back, and it was becoming doubtful how the affair might end at last, when that knight, urged by the beckoning hand of Katherine, leaped over the rail of the sanctuary, and by one well-aimed blow of his heavy battle-axe, struck Bernard to the ground. Scarcely had he done it, ere a shriek,—heard high above the moans of the women, the muttered curses of the men,—rang through the building, and opening the crowd right and left, Amy dashed up the aisle,

and flung herself wildly upon the body of her brother. His eyes were closing in death already; but he opened them once more, and looked upon her. It was the last dying effort of his love. He put his hand upon her head, as he had so often done before, in fatherly benediction; murmured yet again, "My child—my sister—God bless thee, Amy!" And then the hand fell powerless at his side; the look of affectionate recognition faded from his features; the pure spirit passed in its purity away, and Bernard de Mowbray died as he had ever prayed to die—at the foot of the altar of his God, and in the actual exercise of his priestly functions. An awful stillness fell upon the people, only broken by the sobs of Amy, as she wept over the corpse of the murdered man; but Sir Henry did not allow her even this poor consolation long. Every passion that can fill the human breast, to make it a hell on earth, was stirring that moment within his bosom,—love, pride, anger, revenge, that even in its hour of triumph trembles remorsefully over its achieved purpose,—all these were there, tearing his soul to pieces, and maddening his brain with their wild outcries. He was as one made drunk with the blood of his victim; and forgetting in his excitement that Amy was the sister of the murdered man, or confusing her idea with that of Katherine, who had prompted him to the deed, he seized her by the arm, exclaiming, "Weep not, Amy—weep not! S'death, damsel! it were mere folly to deplore him. Let him lie there; a pize upon him! Never again, I trow, will the beggarly shaveling interfere between thee and me with his college cant, and his scarecrow counsels!"

The words were yet on his lips, when Amy darted to her feet, and flung his hand from her with a force that, for any lesser impulse, would have been impossible. For a moment she stood there silent, like one made speechless by indignation, the blood which fear had banished rushing rapidly all the while back to her lips, and cheek, and forehead, and her eyes flashing fire in their wild excitement; and then the words came at length like a torrent, and she burst forth,—

"Away, away, false caitiff—craven knight; thou mean, remorseless thing! that couldst stoop and strike a man when he was unarmed and unresisting. Yea, peacefully on his knees before the altar of his God, occupied in the solemn duties of religion!—Away! away! Fire shall mix with water ere Amy de Mowbray wed her with the assassin of her brother. Take her who has urged thee on!" And Amy now, almost in a state of frenzy, pushed Katherine, whom she discovered in spite of her hood and muffler, right

into the very arms of the Seymour. "Take her who has urged thee on—meet helpmate she for such as thou art. Your crime has made you one. Yes, reap its fruits in each other's arms; but for me—look your last upon me now, Seymour; for I swear to you never shall you see me more!"

Wildly the unhappy girl then stooped to her brother's corpse, and wildly once more she kissed him—lip, and cheek, and blood-stained brow—over and over again, as if she never could weary or faint in the occupation. Then, before any one could stop her, or even guess at her intentions, she leaped through the crowd now assembled around Bernard's corpse, rushed into the body of the church, and would speedily have passed out at the great gates beyond, had she not been arrested by the appearance of another group coming up the aisle and into the sanctuary, and down by the very side of the murdered man the litter of the Lady Seymour was deposited by her bearers. It was years since she had been seen even in public before; and her unexpected apparition at such a moment cast an additional shade of fear and wonder over the spectators of the bloody scene. The guiltless waited anxiously to see whether she would espouse the cause of Amy; the guilty slunk behind Sir Henry, leaving him and Katherine to bear alone the full brunt of her possible rebuke. Amy, on her part, no longer thought of flying: certain of having a protector at her side who would shield her from every danger, she sat down once more upon the altar-steps, and laid, with a patient sorrow that wrung the hearts of those who watched her more than the most passionate exclamations of grief could possibly have done, the heavy head of the murdered man upon her lap, and gazed upon it through her blinding tears, regardless of all that was passing around her, and unconscious even that the Lady Seymour, having with some difficulty arisen from her reclining posture, was now standing at her back, and gazing right over the bloody corpse full into the face of her shrinking son. She had never stood in that upright attitude since the day when Somerset's head rolled upon a bloody scaffold; and now when men saw her standing there, looking with a look that rarely visits a mother's eyes upon the wretch whom she called her child, they felt as if a miracle had been wrought upon her, and they trembled; for they knew, as it were by intuition, that she was going to call down the curse of Heaven upon the last remaining scion of her house.

"Thou hast triumphed!" she began, addressing the Seymour as though he were the only creature in her presence, and in a voice so fearfully distinct that every separate tone rang like a trumpet on the listener's ear,—"Thou hast

triumphed in thy cruelty—in thine hypocrisy thou hast triumphed! Enjoy that triumph while ye may: it will not be for long in this life; it will close in darkness and horror in the next. Ingrate, to attempt the life of thy benefactor! coward, to strike at him unresisting! liar, to deceive thy mother, and so prevent my timely advent for the hindrance of this deed of murder!

"Henry!" she continued, suddenly changing her manner for one of more ordinary conversational intercourse, though her excitement continued to increase with each word she uttered, and each word came more rapidly and vehemently than the last, and yet still with the same marvellous distinctness of utterance, from her lips,—"Henry, hast thou forgotten our converse of yestereven? Hast thou forgotten that then I told thee how near was this matter to thy mother's heart? how my affection—my gratitude—my sense of justice—mine honour, even—were all bound up in the well-being of this youth, upon whom thou hast natheless dared to lay thine assassin hands? I addressed me then to all that I hoped thou hadst of right or manly in thy nature; I appealed to thy affection as my child; I threatened thee with my curse as thy mother: thou hast scorned the first—thou hast run right upon the latter—"

"Mother," cried the Seymour suddenly, "you would not—you could not, surely!"—but he could say no more: the great battle-axe which, dripping as it was with the blood of his victim, he had hitherto held with sturdy determination in his hand, fell at last heavily and with a loud crash from his relaxing fingers. A cold sweat broke upon his brow, and he remained mute—the image and reality of convicted guilt—waiting, without power to avert it, the sentence of his judge.

"God is my witness, Henry," pursued the mother, with a strange calmness in her manner, which would have been terrible at any time, but was doubly so at the present moment, by its contrast with the words she uttered,—"God is my witness, Henry," she continued, "that I would not curse thee if I could avoid it. Yea, and even now it is not by thy mother's voice, but by thine own most damned and sinful deed, thou wilt stand from this day forth alone—accursed alike of God and man! Ay, for the cry of blood has gone up from this earth against thee, and is calling the vengeance of Heaven upon thine head. No blessing shall wait upon thy prayers—no success follow thine achievements—no good fortune crown thine utmost efforts. The wealth thou hast won by sacrilege, shall slip like water from between thy fingers; the lands thou hast gotten in blood, in blood

shall be taken from thee; the blow thou hast dealt a kinsman, a kinsman shall return to thee threefold upon the scaffold. And as thy death, so also shall be thy life. A murderess for thy bride—no children to bless thy union—thy hearth made desolate—thy home without peace or joy, and the mark of Cain, which is on thy soul, written in characters of blood upon thy forehead. Lo, it is thy mother's hand that shall set it there!"

She paused—suddenly she paused, and stooping over Bernard's body, dipped, ere any one had an idea of her intention, her finger in the red stream welling from his wounds; made a long stride over the corpse as it lay before her, lifted the visor that partially concealed her son's features from her view, drew her hand first across his brow, then across that of Katherine, joined their hands together, and went on with a terrible mockery, more rapid and more wild than ever—

"Go, wed ye together now—the murderer with the murderess: meet it is and fitting that bride should resemble bridegroom, and that the blood slain which adorns the one should not be lacking on the forehead of the other! Go, wed ye together, therefore; that which I have said unto one, I have said also unto two. The same sin unites—the same fate awaits ye both; a life of cursing and upbraiding—a death of violence and despair! Ay, for you have this day done a deed which, in its sequences, shall follow you through all this life—which shall not be enforced to quit you even on the threshold of the tomb—which shall go up with you to the very judgment-seat of God, and down again to that everlasting pit where the avenging furies dwell! Lo, I have spoken—against my will—against my wishes—against the pleadings of the mother's heart within me; but in the very madness and truth of prophecy I have spoken! And now, go ye together forth from before my face—out of my sight and presence both! The lamb shall lie down with the wolf ere I permit ye to linger near me. Never more shall you eat my bread or drink my cup; never more shall these eyes behold, or these arms embrace you; and never, never more shall either of you dare to call me mother!"

There might have been strange magic in her words, for the effect which they produced upon the wretched pair against whom they were poured forth. There they stood in their guilty fear, hand in hand as she had placed them—the fearful blood-spot on their foreheads (they did not even venture to wipe it off)—their persons cowering, and their spirits quailing beneath her words of fire—stricken, as it were, into statues of shame and silence, and waiting, as it almost seemed, until,

by some counter-incantation, she should have removed the spell she had cast upon them, and restored them to the ordinary conditions of human beings. But the Lady Seymour took heed of them no more. She turned her back full upon them, and taking Amy's hand in hers, whispered gently—O, how gently, and in what wonderful contrast to the terrible denunciations that a minute before had been rushing from her lips!—

"Amy, arise; arise, forsaken one, and come! Far away in the pleasant land of France is a holy sisterhood, and she who rules it is thy mother's sister! It was there he ever wished thee to pass thy days; for there, said he, thou wouldst find a peace which the world could never give, and for which its votaries might seek in vain. Arise, and come! It is not too late to attain that peace, yea, and perchance even happiness as well, natheless this great and crowning infortune of thy young life. Yes! for he is not lost to thy pure spirit, as he is to mine own impure and plotting soul—thine, of a verity, might speak with angels and not disgrace them; and therefore do I hope and well believe that, at times at least, it will be given to thee to hold spiritual but not for that less sweet communion with the holy and the sainted dead."

Even while she was speaking, she endeavoured, with loving earnestness, to raise Amy from the ground; but the latter murmured through her tears, "Suffer me one moment longer, madam." And, obedient in that hour of sorrow to her slightest wish, Lady Seymour at once relaxed her hold, and retreated a few steps behind her. No sooner was her desire thus granted than down upon her knees again went the desolate maiden, and cut off a lock of her brother's hair, and dipped it in his blood, and laid it in a locket containing already a tress of her fair mother's, rescued by the Lady Seymour ere she laid her in her coffin; and then she kissed his lips again—once, twice, three times, she kissed them—each time more fervently than the last; and then at last she rose, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed in a voice so full of passion that it reminded those who heard her of the burning eloquence which had thrilled them so lately from the martyr's lips—

"Truly hast thou spoken, O my brother! and thy prayer has been granted, and thy prophecy fulfilled! Yes; for in thy blood has my faith been made whole, and in the greatness of thy sacrifice my strength is renewed like an eagle's. Now, indeed, and not before, do I believe as thou didst believe—and as it was sworn for me that I should believe, when I came forth from the baptismal font a child of that old Church, holy, Catholic, and supreme, ruling with the authority of Peter

righteously over the universal world. Now can I say, as thou didst say, that it is good to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Now can I promise, as thou didst promise, to live for God, and not for self; and not for earth, but for heaven alone! Farewell, then, my father and my brother—and yet not entirely farewell! for our spirits shall still blend in prayer; and thou in thy grave, and I in my cloister home, we shall be dead to all things but God, and heedless of all save His love and glory. O, that I might follow thee on the martyr's royal road to glory!—walk joyfully and triumphantly with thee from the cross of Calvary to the footstool of that eternal throne where thou art now radiant in celestial gladness! But sith, alas, this may not be, and I must yet linger in this vale of tears, still shall thy life bring a blessing upon mine—thy death be the insurance of mine own; and when it comes at last, and the waves of eternity are closing over me, and I am cold in death, and trembling in fear of that which is to come upon me, wilt thou not be with me, brother, then to comfort and console? Wilt thou not even welcome me (the final struggle over); and as upon earth thou hast often welcomed Amy, wilt thou not welcome her also then right joyfully to the courts of heaven?"

That voice, so earnest and yet so plaintive, died away at last into solemn silence; and bending low, Amy put her brother's already stiffening hand upon her head as if in benediction, rose up from her kneeling posture, and giving her hand to the Lady Seymour, they glided together down the aisle, and disappeared from the gaze of the assembled multitude, while Katherine and the Seymour yet remained, hand in hand, gazing upon their victim.

THE DUKE OF GUELDRES ON THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

May we not say that we English Catholics hold a proud preeminence over all others in our indifference to the memory of those who founded our Christianity, and cemented it with their blood? What other people has ever allowed its saints and martyrs to be forgotten, or their names to be branded with odious imputations? Undeniably we owe our Christianity to the seminary priests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. St. Alban, St. Augustine, the Benedictine apostles, St. Thomas of Canterbury, did noble work in their

day; they dug deep, and built high; but all above ground was levelled at the Reformation, and those who built anew on the old foundations are the true fathers of our Church. At the accession of Elizabeth, though the Bishops and learned clergy clearly saw the drift of her innovations, and at once retired from their benefices, yet the inferior clergy, and the great bulk of the laity, were too ignorant or too indolent to look deeply into things, and provisionally accepted the new order as one of the transient changes to which they had become but too inured. It was only when age began to give stability to the higgledy-piggledy, and to confer an adventitious respectability on the ecclesiastical creation of the "boys'-parliament," that clergy and people began to ask themselves whether this was the ultimatum which they would like to see established in perpetuity. Hence they began to fall away in swarms from the impostor-Church, to which they had so inconsiderately submitted. Their attitude towards the Establishment changed from one of passive and contemptuous acquiescence to one of active hostility. And the instruments of this change were for the most part the priests of the new English seminaries of Douai, Rome, Valladolid, and the rest. For the most part we say; for we must not forget those Bishops and priests of Mary's days, most of whom languished away their lives in prison, their protracted martyrdom affording a standing protest against the new order of things. But the active restorers of religion were the "seminary priests," who did not scruple to call themselves the founders of English Catholicity, and their assemblies the "*incunabula nascentis Ecclesiæ*,"—the cradles of the infant Church.*

In allowing this, we by no means grant that the contemptuous silence and indifference of the first decade of Elizabeth's reign was any real agreement of the clergy and people to her changes. It is an assertion first made in one of her proclamations, and since repeated *ad nauseam* by flattering politicians and interested historians, that "until the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth a recusant's name was scarcely known; the reason was, that the zeal begotten in the time of the Marian persecution was yet fresh in memory, and the late persecutors were so amazed at the sudden alteration of religion that they could not choose but say, "*Digitus Dei hic est.*"† The most amusing comment on this assertion would be a collection of Bishops' letters of the early years of Elizabeth, which we should find full of complaints of the attitude of their flocks being so hostile that they dared not go abroad without a strong

* Expression from a letter of F. Southwell.

† Speech of Sir Robert Cotton, Brit. Mus. Addl. Ms., No. 11,600.

guard, and that even then they heard nothing but muttered maledictions.

Still, whatever they thought, the people of England did generally conform outwardly to the new religion, till they were awakened by the missionary priests: to these, therefore, English Catholicity owes its existence; they are our founders, the corner-stones on which our Church is built. Now, do we honour and venerate these men as other parts of the Church honour their apostles? Quite the reverse. We forget all about them; when we look for apostles, ten to one but we pick up St. Philip Neri, and make him apostle of England as well as of Rome, because he took interest in the English college; or Venerable Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionists, because he desired to come into England. But those people who literally came, preached, converted their thousands, were taken, tortured, and put to death, and won their martyrs' crowns here among us, we have almost forgotten. Is the patronage and cultus of saints modified for Englishmen? Is it not true that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church in this sterile land,—this desert, pathless and waterless? But it will be said, these people are not canonised. And why not? If they had suffered as they did suffer, we will not say in Italy or in France, but in China, in Japan, in Timbuctoo, they would probably have been declared venerable long ago. What have we done, that the same grace should be denied us? Truly, it is not what we have done, but what we have not done, that stands in our way. Of old, canonisation was by popular acclamation; and if the Church no longer allows that compendious method, but surrounds it with judicial safeguards, yet these processes do not take the place of popular fervour. The demand of the multitude is the ground for the supply. The question must be urged clamorously, before the response is given; the want loudly expressed, before the grave and ponderous machinery is set in motion to satisfy it. And is there no want? Can we afford to give up any means of propagating our religion? Are we so prosperous, so strong, that we can afford to relinquish the example and the patronage of our leaders? No. It is wonderful, when we see how, after so many centuries, the names of St. Denis and St. Genevieve bring their crowds to the Parisian churches, to think how the names of Campian and Southwell, of Maine and Allen, of Barlow and Heath, have no music for English ears, no attractions for English hearts. Yet they died not for nothing. They were not soldiers who lost their lives in an aimless and unsuccessful expedition, whose failure only animated the enemy's confidence. No; at the lowest valuation,

they died for an idea. And such a death leaves a legacy to the world quite other than that bequeathed by men dying in the vulgar squabbles for wealth or empire. The feats of strength or practical prudence must be completed during life, or not at all. The work of the intellect, the empire of ideas, may be wrought or ruled even by the dead—may be at times most benefited by the death of one whose life seems the very condition of success. If this is the case in ideas non-religious, if the martyr of liberty, of legality, of loyalty, or of a philosophy, does more to recommend his theory by his death than by all his arguments,—much more is it the case in religion, in the Church which comprehends the dead as really as the living. He who dies for an idea, intrusts his thought to men on earth; he who dies for religion, intrusts his cause to saints and angels, and to God Himself, who rewards him by making him ruler over cities and states—over the places that have been the scenes of his labours and his death.

And yet, so far as example goes, these martyrs are almost lost to us, and their deaths are subjects for little else than sorrow. "Alas, alas!" sighs the Church in a beautiful mediæval hymn,* "why do you blame my tears, when I have lost my child, the only one who relieved my want, the only one who refused to yield to the enemy the narrow heritage that my Lord won for me, the only one who was able to help those foolish children, of whom, alas! I have so many?" "Is he," rejoins the chorus, "to be mourned, who is in possession of his heavenly kingdom, and who helps his wretched brethren by his continual prayer?" The wisest ruler, the most prudent adviser, is not lost by martyrdom. Persecutors are often bad arithmeticians; they think they are subtracting, and they are adding: *In supplicibus et mortibus beatorum martyrum, qui putabantur minui numero multiplicabantur exemplo.*† Their blood is seed; and various are its fruits—increase of faith, new energy in the weak, new conquests from unbelievers. It may have lain forgotten for centuries; but the influence is not dead, the germ will put forth its strength, and the idea for which the martyr suffered will spring up out of the ground, and the truth will propagate itself round his tomb as by a magnetic influence. Some strange fascination attracts men to hunt out their relics or their records, and to strive to kindle an enthusiasm for them in the hearts of the nations. Thus St. Ambrose disinterred the bodies of Gervasius and Protasius, that had been lost for centuries. "The holy victims," he sings, "were lost; but the sacred stream was not lost. Blood cannot be lost which cries out to God the Father; the grace

* Ms. St. Gall, 11th century.

† St. Leo, serm. xxxvi. 3.

of heaven brought them to light again; we cannot be martyrs, but we can find their bodies: *Nequimus esse martyres, sed reperimus martyres.*" Like St. Ambrose, we English Catholics have also our treasures to dig for; our parents and fathers in the faith are no less noble than the apostles of Milan, or of France, or of Germany. Perhaps the time has come when God will make them better known; of this we are persuaded, that the restoration of their memories will be, in many cases, the restoration of faith. "Then were men faithful," says Origen, "when martyrdoms were rife, when we carried the martyrs from the grave to the temples, the whole Church assisting with brave heart, and when the catechumens were instructed over their bodies."*

Our martyrs were not always forgotten as they are at present. Once their relics and their memories were held in the greatest veneration; and the demand for their canonisation was sufficient to induce Pope Urban VIII., in 1643, to direct a brief to the Archbishop of Cambray, empowering him, in the absence of Bishop Smith, the vicar-apostolic, then in exile, to nominate a commission of English priests "to make diligent inquiry into the cause and manner of death of several priests lately put to death upon the penal statutes, . . . and to certify the same to the Archbishop of Cambray, to be by him transmitted to Rome." The priests were ordered "personally to repair to places where informations were likely to be had; and to call before them persons of credit and integrity, who had been acquainted with the said priests, and the particulars of their trials, and their behaviour at the place of execution: all this information to be taken on oath."† We have searched in vain for the report of these commissioners, which may have been delayed by the martyrdom of one of them (Bell) and the imprisonment of others; but it seems to have been such as to have called forth another Papal brief, authorising the placing of the relics of these saints in altar-stones, and their pictures over altars. It is further stated, that the disappearance of the original of this latter document from the archives at Rome is the bar which hinders the process from being continued. For ourselves, we take the liberty of doubting the truth of this statement; we do not believe that the soul of Frederick Peel presides over the congregations of cardinals, or that the offices at Rome are hide-bound with red-tape. We thought, moreover, that the gashes left by the executioner's knife on the quartered bodies of our martyrs were like enough to red cords to be formally sufficient to allow them to pass unques-

* Hom. iv. 4.

† Ms. in the Town Library at Douai, No. 829.

tioned through the doors of any tape-office. But this is not our business.

In the mean time, in default of copies of the report of the brief, which we have hitherto sought in vain, we beg to lay before our readers a document which we have found in the archives at Lille, and which proves the veneration in which our martyrs were held, not in England alone, but also in foreign countries. It is the certificate of the Duke of Gueldres, who, as Count Egmont, had lived in England from 1640 to 1645, concerning the relics which he had brought home with him to Paris.

"Louis, by the grace of God Duke of Gueldres, Julliac, and Cleves, Count of Ormund and Zutphen, Prince of Ghent, Count of Bures, Liege, &c., Lord of the cities and territories of either Mechlin, &c. &c.

Whereas the English Catholics, who had been allowed some little repose for a few years, were, after the opening of the parliament in 1640, oppressed with a new and most bitter persecution; and whereas the utmost care and diligence were employed against priests, that when they were driven off, the flock, deprived of its pastors, might be more easily devoured,—therefore, besides the resumption of the laws made by Queen Elizabeth against priests and Catholics (which had been a short time dormant), new and most savage acts were passed against the servants of God, forbidding a priest to minister to Catholics in England under pain of death. But as when the ancient faith and religion were first expelled from England, no fear of a cruel death, nor threats of agonising tortures, could remove the faithful and watchful pastors from the flock committed to them, but rather gave many inhabitants to heaven, many martyrs to the Church, many patron saints to the Christian world; so also, during this persecution, England has beheld her most constant champions, her bravest heroes, enduring the most cruel torments for Christ and the Catholic faith. And as at that time our own business detained us in England, we were by a sovereign grace of Almighty God an eye-witness of the incredible constancy of divers martyrs; and out of the fifteen who, from the year 1640 to the end of the year 1645, gained the palm of martyrdom in different places, we saw eleven suffer in London, of whom were four secular priests, William Ward, Arnold Green (called by Challoner Thomas Reynolds), John Morgan, John Duckett; three of the Society of Jesus, Thomas Holland, Ralph Corby, Henry Morse; one Benedictine, Bartholomew Rho (Rowe); and three Franciscan Minorites, Bolliquer (Thomas Bullaker), Francis Bell, and Paul of St. Magdalen (Henry Heath). When these men, for God's cause and the Church's, were led like sheep to the slaughter, were hanged, were cruelly bowelled before they were half dead, were burnt, and were cut into quarters, we, in order that the memory of such noble per-

sons might be for ever preserved among the faithful, and desirous of having, so far as it lay in our power, some relics of their bodies, by the aid, the devotion, and the diligence of our servants, did procure certain relics, which, on our departure out of England into France at the end of the year 1645, we carried with us, and have preserved to this day in our treasury; wherein as we intend to shut them all up, we have judged it necessary to publish abroad this testimony, lest devouring oblivion should ever erase the name of these venerable men, and the glory of these most renowned martyrs. We therefore, desiring more and more to promote the worship of God and the honour of the saints; and since we have no dearer wish than that the aforesaid venerable martyrs should be worshipped, venerated, and honoured as they should be,—have made known to all to whom this present testimonial shall come, that the said venerable martyrs did, at London, in England, contend with the greatest constancy for the ancient faith, and, so to say, for their altars; did overcome, and did obtain the crown of martyrdom; and that we, by means of the aid of our servants and their devotion to the martyred saints, did recover the relics of the said martyrs here underwritten, namely:—Of the venerable martyr William Ward, secular priest, who suffered at London, July (26) in the year 1641: his heart, drawn out from the fire wherein it had lain about five hours; the handkerchief he had in his hand when he died; his ring, and his diurnal. Of the venerable martyrs Arnold Green, secular priest, and Bartholomew Rowe, of the order of St. Benedict, who suffered at London, January 31 in the year 1642: of Father Bartholomew Rowe, his Breviary, a thumb, a piece of burnt lung, a piece of kidney turned to a cinder, the *interula* with which he was martyred, and a towel dipped in his blood; of Mr. Arnold Green, a thumb, a piece of burnt liver, a towel dipped in his blood, and his nightcap which was drawn over his eyes when he was hanged, a sponge, a piece of linen, and a towel dipped in their blood, and the apron and sleeves of the torturer. Of the venerable martyr John Morgan, secular priest, who suffered at London (April 26) 1642, certain papers containing pieces of altered and burnt flesh, three pieces of his præcordia, some of his hair, four towels dipped in his blood, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr (Thomas) Bolliquer, of the order of the Friars Minor of St. Francis, who suffered at London (October 12, 1642), a little piece of his heart, some pieces of his bones and flesh, his liver, his diaphragm, some of his præcordia, two fingers, some hair, four towels dipped in his blood, the straw on which he was laid to be embowelled, some papers greased with his fat, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr Paul of St. Magdalen, guardian of the Convent of English Minors at Douai, who suffered (April 17) 1643, a toe, three small bones, a piece of the windpipe, some of his burnt flesh, the straw on which he was laid to be bowelled, four napkins dipped in his blood, the rope wherewith he was hanged. Of the venerable martyr Francis Bell, guardian of the Convent of English Friars

Minor at Douai, who suffered December 1, 1643, a right-hand quarter of his body, six pieces of his flesh and fat, three napkins dipped in his blood and melted fat, with the remains of flesh, two fingers, and other small bones; his *thyrotheca*. Of the venerable martyr Thomas Holland, priest of the Society of Jesus, who suffered at London, December 22, 1642, one bone, some pieces of skin, a nail, some hair, two napkins stained with his blood, a little box of fat, some papers greased with his fat, the shirt in which he suffered. Of the venerable martyrs Ralph Corby, of the Society of Jesus, and John Duckett, secular priest, who suffered at London, September 17, 1644: of Mr. Duckett, the right hand, a piece of his neck, one vertebra and a half, with three other small pieces; of F. Corby, some vertebræ, with a piece of flesh, a tooth, a few napkins stained with blood, two handkerchiefs that he used at his martyrdom, the girdle wherewith he was then girded, and his hat, some remains of burnt viscera, some hair and skin of both. Of the venerable martyr Henry Morse, of the Society of Jesus, who suffered February 1, 1645, a right-side quarter, the right hand separated from the same, his liver pulled out of the fire, a handkerchief stained with his blood, ashes of his burnt intestines, the rope wherewith he was hanged, his hat, shirt, collar, breeches, stockings, the apron and sleeves of the torturer. Some part of the skin, with hairs upon it, of a certain Benedictine father, who, with his companion,* suffered at York when Charles I., king of England, was there. Which relics we testify that we did recover by the assistance of our said domestics, who, with our knowledge and command, and in our sight, and under the very eyes of the heretics, with no small risk of their lives, did snatch part of them out of the midst of the flames, and the other part did purchase of the executioner at the very time of the execution; of which thing, as of all the premises, were witnesses: Peregrine Abbot of Carlen, Abbot of St. Mary's, our chief councillor; Mr. Charles Cheney, missionary from the Holy See to propagate the faith among the English, our domestic prelate and almoner; Mr. Robert de Mortimer, also a missionary priest; Mr. Aymond de la Tour, captain of a troop of an hundred cavalry under the most Christian king, and our councillor; M. Daniel de Bertair, our chief steward and a councillor; M. Philip de Circouve, the first gentleman of our chamber; M. Amé de la Rivière, our shieldbearer; M. Peter de Belluart; Mr. John Morgan; Anthony du Bois, of our bedchamber and our secretary; Peter Garret and Louis Noel, also of our bedchamber; Edward Locke, surgeon of our chamber; Peter of Lyons, who afterwards suffered martyrdom for the faith in Ireland; Simon du Bois; Gabriel Tirion; James Beaucourt; Quentin . . . . . ; Alexander Hocart; Francis Daniel; and others our servants, official and other. In witness of all which, we have signed with our own hand, and sealed with our own seal, this present testimonial, valid for future as well as present times; and have ordered our said almoner, in his official capacity, to sign it in the

* John Lockwood and Edmund Catherick, April 13, 1642.

name of all our domestics. Given at Paris, in our house at St. Victor, July 26, A.D. 1650."

Indorsed in French: "Act of his Highness touching the relics of England."

Many of the facts here stated are confirmed by Challoner, who (for instance), in his life of Ward, gives an account of the rescue of the martyr's heart from the fire, and the dangers incurred by Count Egmont's servant on the occasion. We publish the whole document, in spite of the painful character of much of its detail, because this very detail serves to bring out the disgusting and horrible nature of the punishments inflicted on the sufferers. In all conscience, tying a living man to a stake, and lighting a fire around him, is bad enough; but what is this to the half-hanging, the stripping of the living man, the obscene mutilation, the embowelling while the martyr was in full possession of his consciousness, the throwing the entrails to broil on the fire, the hand of the clumsy hangman thrust into the body to find the heart, the beheading and quartering, the par-boiling of the quarters, and nailing them up to the town-gates? If Englishmen had been cannibals, no more congenial spectacle could have been provided for them; the horrible cookery would have pleased their noses and provoked their appetites. But as a mere feast for the eyes, can any thing be conceived more revolting than the lesson provided for the instruction of Protestant mobs by English penal laws? Under the pagan persecutors, the Christians collected the bones and fragments of the martyrs which the beasts had left; it was reserved for English refinement to cook their flesh, and leave their brethren to collect the *papelottes* in which their members had been fried, and to treasure up rags saturated with the melted grease and (*sit verbo venia*) the dripping which distilled from their roasting flesh. Not that these relics were less venerable on account of the disgusting processes they had gone through; the horror does not attach to them, but to the brutes who presided over the butchery.

Reviews.

FABER'S "THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE."

The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love. By F. W. Faber, D.D. Richardson.

THE Lord's Prayer repeated backwards is popularly said to constitute the "Witches' Prayer;" and, in like manner, the

Gospel read backwards constitutes the essence of Calvinism. "God so loved the world," said our Blessed Lord, "as to give His only-begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish." Calvinism reverses this divine announcement; and, even in reversing it, contrives to convert the doctrine that "God so *loved* the world," into a theory that God *hates* the creation which He Himself has made.

This most horrible dogma would, of course, have found but little acceptance in the world, unless there had existed in our nature some moral and intellectual infirmity which it specially worked upon, and to which it commended itself by some specious plausibilities. If the human intellect and feelings had been perfectly clear and healthy, it would have been to little purpose that Calvinism would have persuaded its disciples to believe, that when St. Paul says that the potter from the same clay makes vessels of various descriptions, he means that the potter makes some vessels for the sole purpose of destroying them. And whatever be the exact character of this infirmity, being a natural one, it will have its influence on persons within the Church as well as without it. Though Catholics cannot be theoretically Calvinists, the same temperament or circumstances which would predispose persons outside the Church to this special form of heresy, will *tend* to interfere in their case with the full and free influences of Catholic doctrine on the mind.

Certain epochs in the history of the Church will also be more marked than others with the prevalence of certain ideas; and, among the rest, with this tendency to overlook the love which the Creator bears to the creature, simply as His creature. Father Faber thinks that this present age is especially influenced by these tendencies; and in consequence, he has written the book before us, which we may in brief describe as one of the most emphatic protests against the spirit of Calvinism with which we are acquainted. We do not agree with him in thinking that the nineteenth century is thus unusually impregnated with the views which he attributes to it. If any thing, we think that it is unusually the reverse. But this is a matter of small moment, so far as the merits of his book are concerned. People are always quite ready enough to pervert the Gospel to some monstrous figment, alike insulting to Almighty God and odious in the eyes of reflecting men. That tendency to alienate oneself from God, under a notion that we are thus doing honour to His purity and greatness, is also quite as subtle in its operations on the faith and lives of Christians as it ever was. So that, whatever be the comparative character of our own, when

viewed in contrast with other times, Father Faber's essay is abundantly opportune; and will serve at once to put into shape the reasonings of many thoughtful persons, and to quiet the anxieties of many in distress.

To our taste, *The Creator and the Creature* is the best book its author has yet written. Were it not that the phrase has a smack of Carlylism about it, we should say that this volume is the first *genuine* book which Father Faber has produced. His others, brilliant, original, practical, and sincere as they are, convey to us too much of the impression that their writer was deliberately setting himself to work up other people to a certain stage of feeling, or certain lines of action. Not that the writer does not mean what he says, or that he is recommending to his readers a variety of spiritual medicines which he would not make use of in his own case. Far from it. We regard Father Faber as an eminently honest writer, as he confessedly is an eminently courageous one. What we mean is, that they convey the idea of their being the result of his own *personal* thoughts, and his own practical religious life, in a less marked degree than does the volume before us. They are less the results of his own silent intercourse with the awful realities of Revelation and Natural Theology, than of an acute perception of the defects of erroneous systems and of human frailties and inconsistencies. They display very extensive reading, an apt readiness at making use of all that others have written, an over-facility of expression, a union of capitally pointed sayings with a rhetoric sometimes not a little tawdry, a masculine vigour of thought coupled with a determination to be "poetical," whenever it strikes the author that to be "poetical" is the right thing and the effective thing.

In *The Creator and the Creature* we have all Father Faber's characteristic merits, and a considerable diminution in his defects. This, too, is quite what we should have looked for in a case in which, as has plainly happened in the present instance, a man has boldly faced for himself the tremendous mysteries of human existence, enlightened by the truths of Catholic doctrine, and gained a fresh insight into the harmonies of that great system of creation and grace, the contemplation of which will be our employment and delight for ever. As we have already named what we consider the flaws of Father Faber's previous books, we may at once, before passing on to the substance of this new work, specify the faults which are discernible in this one also; and we mention them with the less hesitation, because it is a book which will bear no small amount of criticism without materially suffer-

ing from it. Its claims to admiration are so substantial, and its faults so much on the surface, that the critic runs no risk of appearing to depreciate the whole. Moreover, Father Faber is a writer worth criticising. Many writers are not worth five minutes' dissection. You kill them outright the moment you point out their faults; for where they are not faulty, they are so washy and mediocre, that when their faults are gone, nothing is left that any body could remember to have read when four-and-twenty hours have gone by.

The faults we find, then, with this volume are, first, that it is a great deal too big. All that is in it might have been said, with every needful amount of illustration and enforcement, in two-thirds or one-half the space. It is a great mistake to write too large a book, as it is to speak too long a speech, or preach too long a sermon. When you have once made yourself thoroughly understood, and produced as much impression on your readers' or hearers' emotions as they are usually susceptible of, the longer you continue your discourse afterwards the more surely you neutralise the effect of all you have said before. You do not simply give your audience more than they desire, or leave them at the precise point to which you had previously conducted them; on the contrary, you begin immediately to undo your own work. You stupefy their understandings, make them forget what they have just been learning, and freeze up the very feelings you have been taking such pains to excite to warmth. Into this mistake, we think, Father Faber has decidedly fallen. The feast he spreads before us is very good and solid; but there are too many courses, and the dishes are sometimes a mere *réchauffé* of what we have just eaten quite as much of as our appetite desires. Those who do not find his books generally too long, are usually, we suspect, persons who read them for the sake of being pleasantly titillated by their easy flow of words, rather than for the sake of any definite ideas conveyed to their understandings.

Another point which we do not like, is Father Faber's tendency to commonplace rhetoric and gaudy prettinesses of language. Like many other writers, he does not seem to be aware where his chief strength lies. To our minds it does not lie in the more imaginative and oratorical style of writing. We like his common sense, his acuteness, his sense of the ludicrous (little as the latter shows itself in his books), and his power of clear and vigorous exposition, much more than his poetics and his sensibilities. The former are far more genuine than the latter, which, with all their rapid flow of phraseology and heat of language, are frequently not a

little deliberate and frigid. To use the terms of art, he draws better than he paints. His outline is firm, bold, and true, though with a dash of the extravagant and abnormal; but his colouring is raw and staring, and lacks the refinement, the tender delicacy, the infinite variety of hue, and the harmony and repose, of actual nature. When he next writes a book, we should like to put him on a very limited allowance of epithets, with a proportionate abstinence from ohs and ahs; rigorously forbidding the use of the word "beautiful" more than once in a chapter, and allowing him to call things blue, red, green, and yellow only under the strictest *surveillance*. As for those strange familiarities of expression which deform his former writings, and which his thick-and-thin admirers consider to be quaint, homely, and forcible, but which we regard as simply pieces of affectation, they have so nearly disappeared from the present volume, that they may fairly be expected to drop off altogether from his style in a short period. And lastly, whenever he had penned a few sentences which, if preached, would cause an immediate rustling of crinoline and moistening of cambric among the less intellectual portion of his fairer hearers, we should advise the blotting out of the whole passage with a remorseless severity.

As specimens of our author's random use of epithets, and his inappropriate dragging-in of the "sentimental" and the "poetical" treatment of his subject, we will note two or three illustrations from the volume before us. The first chapter of the second book terminates with a passage in which occurs the following sentence:

> "I would fain tell the poor trees, and the little birds that are roosting, and the patient beasts slumbering in the dewy grass, and the bright waters, and the wanton winds, and the clouds as they sail above me, and that white moon, and those flickering far-off stars, that God desires my love, mine, even mine! And it is true, infallibly true."

Taken in connection with what precedes and what follows, this is perfectly unreal and in bad taste. It is a mere patch of poetising thrust into the midst of ideas and emotions, under the influence of which all this talking to the clouds, and the moon, and the cows, is mere schoolboy trifling. Why on earth, too, are the trees to be termed "poor" on the occasion? The birds are called little, the beasts patient, the winds wanton, the moon white; all which they may be, or might be; but why should the trees be "poor"?

In the next chapter but one, with no conceivable reason for not speaking in an ordinary way about this earth, we find our author thus describing it: "It would be the peculiarity

of this planet, of this portion of God's creation, of this fair moonlit garden, third in order from the sun," &c.; as if these three circumstances succeeded one another in the way of climax: first, that the earth is a planet; secondly, that it is a portion of God's creation; thirdly, that it is a "fair moonlit garden, third from the sun." Has Father Faber never heard of Jupiter's moons, that he thinks it a characteristic epithet of this our planet to call it "moonlit"? Then he calls God's love "enormous," of all phrases in the world to pick out. He tells us that a saint is "one who drains God's abundance more than others do, and *costs* God more;" forgetting that *costing* implies loss, or suffering, or painful labour, which is totally untrue as applied to what God does for saints, as distinguished from ordinary Christians. In another place we read, "Of the thousands of souls in the world to-day, unhappily immersed in the gulfs of mortal sin, is there one whom a whole multitude of *beautiful* actual graces is not soliciting to return to God?" We submit to Father Faber that nobody who is more than fifteen years old ought to have used the adjective "beautiful" in such a context. It is either a very infantine, or a very questionable taste, to dress up a marble statue of a hero or philosopher in muslin and spangles.

Once more, there are occasional instances of exaggerated statement, even in the volume before us, which partially detract from its value. For example: "Is it easy to imagine the mercy which will absolve from *different* mortal sins the *same* soul, perhaps five hundred times in ten or twenty years, and some thousands of times in the course of life? Yet this is not an extravagant or fabulous case." Not fabulous, if you please; but surely extravagant as an illustration. Again, "*One* word, *one* look, which goes to show that being in the Church and being out of the Church are not as fearfully far asunder as light from darkness, as Christ from Belial, will rob God of *more* souls than a priest's *life of preaching*, or a saint's *life of prayer*, have won." We don't know whether that excellent gentleman, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, ever reads any thing so little connected with Apocalyptic interpretations, and the *Union* newspaper, as books proceeding from the London Oratory; but if he does, we recommend him to digest and make the best he can of this view of the tendency of his general coquettings with the Established Church, and his special flirtings with the said *Union*. Further on, in the chapter on the Easiness of Salvation, Father Faber says, "No number of lies, however wilful, so long as they are not sins against justice also, can of themselves destroy the soul." Compare this with St. Alphonsus, a writer not generally ac-

cused of being too rigid on the subject of truth-telling: "Si quis affirmat (in confessione) peccatum mortale quod non fecit, vel negat fecisse quod fecit, duplex mortale committit; unum sacrilegii contra virtutem religionis ob reverentiam sacramenti debitam, alterum *mendacii* sibi graviter perniciosi *contra virtutem* veracitatis."*

These are the defects which strike us, as probably they have struck many readers, in *The Creator and the Creature*. They are, however, on the surface; while its substance is excellent, though with one important drawback. As we have said so much on the faults of Father Faber's style, we may as well give a specimen or two to show how he *can* write, before saying more on his general subject. Take the following—saving, of course, the writer's stock-epithets "bright" and "beautiful," which occur twice in these few sentences:

"What should we do without the sea? Earth and air would be useless, would be uninhabitable, without it. There is not a year but the great deep is giving up to the investigations of our science unthought-of secrets of its utility, and of our dependence upon it. Men are only beginning to learn the kind and gentle and philanthropic nature of that monster that seems so lawless and so wild. Our dependence on the air is no less complete. It makes our blood, and is the warmth of our human lives. Nay, would it be less bright or beautiful, if it allowed to escape from it, let us say, one gas, the carbonic-acid, which forms but an infinitesimally small proportion of it,—the gas on which all vegetation lives? It exists in the air in quantities so trifling as to be with difficulty discernible; yet if it were breathed away, or if the sea drank it all in, or would not give back again what it drinks, in a few short hours the flowers would be lying withered and discoloured on the ground, the mighty forests would curl up their myriad leaves, show their white sides, and then let them wither and fall. There would not be a blade of grass upon the earth. The animals would moan and faint, and famished men would rise upon each other, like the maddened victims of a shipwreck, in the fury of their ungovernable hunger. Within one short week the planet would roll on bright in its glorious sunshine, and its mineral-coloured plains speckled with the shadows of its beautiful clouds, but all in the grim silence of universal death. On what trembling balances of powers, on what delicate and almost imperceptible chemistries, does man's tenure of earth seem to rest! Yes; but beneath those gauzelike veils is the strong arm of the compassionate Eternal!"

The subjoined paragraph, as a piece of writing, is still better, and shows what the author becomes when he eschews his adjectives:

"Hence it is, because God alone is our last end, that He alone

* Theol. Mor. lib. vi. tract. iv. § 497.

never fails us. All else fails us but He. Alas, how often is life but a succession of worn-out friendships! Youth passes, with its romance, and crowds whom we loved have drifted away from us. They have not been unfaithful to us, nor we to them. We have both but obeyed a law of life, and have exemplified a world-wide experience. The pressure of life has parted us. Then comes middle life, the grand season of cruel misunderstandings; as if reason were wantoning in its maturity, and by suspicions, and circumventions, and constructions, were putting to death our affections. All we love and lean upon fails us. We pass through a succession of acquaintanceships; we tire out numberless friendships; we use up the kindness of kindred; we drain to the dregs the confidence of our fellow-labourers; there is a point beyond which we must not trespass on the forbearance of our neighbours. And so we drift on into the solitary havens of old age, to weary by our numberless wants the fidelity which deems it a religion to minister to our decay. And there we see that God has outlived and outlasted all: the Friend who was never doubtful, the Partner who never suspected, the Acquaintance who loved us better, at least it seemed so, the more evil He knew of us, the Fellow-labourer who did our work for us as well as His own, and the Neighbour who thought He had never done enough for us, the sole Superior who was neither rude nor inconsiderate, the one Love, that, unlike all created loves, was never cruel, exacting, precipitate, or overbearing. He has had patience with us, has believed in us, and has stood by us. What should we have done if we had not had Him? All men have been liars; even those who seemed saints broke down, when our imperfections leaned on them, and wounded us, and the wound was poisoned; but He has been faithful and true. On this account alone He is to us what neither kinsman, friend, or fellow-labourer can be."

The few sentences in which Father Faber sums up the chapter, "Why God loves us,"—the weakest chapter in the book, by the way,—may be cited as another illustration of the simplicity, the force, and the feeling with which he can express himself:

"Why, then, does God love us? We must answer, Because He created us. This, then, would make mercy the reason of His love. But why did He create us? Because He loved us. We are entangled in this circle, and do not see how to escape from it. But it is a fair prison. We can rest in it, while we are on earth; and if we are never to know any thing more, then we will make our home in it for eternity. Who would tire of such captivity?"

With this paragraph we conclude our quotations, because it is a statement in brief of the entire gist of the treatise. Father Faber considers that the chief source of the stunted growth of the spiritual life of most Christians is to be found in their defective appreciation of the truth which lies at the

root of all religion; namely, the relationship between man and his God involved in the very idea of creation. This truth is, in fact, so undeniable, that it becomes obvious the moment it is stated in so many distinct words. Yet that it is habitually recognised, even by all reflecting men, is more than can be pretended. With Protestants, the one grand difficulty is to get them to comprehend what seems to us the plainest of scientific moral truths; namely, that the first element of personal religion consists in the placing oneself in that attitude towards our Maker which is required by the bare fact that in ourselves we are absolutely nothing, and He who created us is all in all. Those who have had much experience in watching the operation of Catholic truths upon the non-Catholic mind, will bear us out in saying, that until the mind has in some degree grasped this great truth, all reasoning in the way of proof of Catholicism in particular, and Christianity in general, is totally thrown away.

And so it is in all the interminable shapes of perversity and folly which the infirmities of human nature assume in the case of those who are good Christians, of course in very varying degrees, but which are to be detected in all of us, in some modification or other. There are few in which the operation of this defective realising of the true relationship between the creature as nothing, and the Creator as all in all, cannot be discerned, as lending force to faults and difficulties which arise from other sources.

This whole volume is devoted to the discussion of this subject, in its theory and in its practical results, with, in our humble judgment, very considerable success. The whole has moreover passed through its author's *mind* as a Christian and a man, and not merely through his thoughts as a theologian and a writer; and consequently has genuineness and convincing reality about it, which are not often found in books which are the result of cool intellectual speculation alone, however sincere and well-informed. We do not pretend, of course, to express a concurrence in every thing that is asserted, or to allege that every point maintained is equally well reasoned out. This, however, would be the case in almost all writings which, like Father Faber's, are studded all over with theological, moral, and practical propositions, frequently stated in the broadest manner, and with a dash of that exaggeration of phrase usually appropriated to spoken, rather than to written theology. As a whole, however, we think that the volume will considerably raise its author's reputation with that class of readers whose esteem he would most value. With the miscellaneous crowd, who often read

spiritual books, and listen to sermons, rather with a view to the agreeable excitement of their sensibilities than to the instruction of their understandings, *The Creator and the Creature* may possibly be less popular than others of the same author's productions.

One portion of his essay will, no doubt, give rise to considerable differences of opinion. In the chapter on "The great mass of believers," he avows his opinion that the great majority of Catholics will be saved. On the subject of those who are out of the Church he says little or nothing, though perhaps, in a treatise based on the elementary truths of all religion, we might fairly have looked for some reference to the different opinions held on this branch of the subject. Perhaps, however, Father Faber felt that he had said quite enough to make some persons dissent from him, without complicating his treatment of his special subject with any details which he thought not absolutely necessary. Some critics might, no doubt, condemn the discussion of the points which he has treated, as tending to practical evil. Setting aside the fact that the comparative numbers of the lost and the saved *has* been made the subject of popular treatment in all ages, from the time when our Blessed Lord uttered His parables down to the present hour, we think, however, that the aspect of the popular philosophico-religionism of the day requires the discussion of the topic, at least with the limitations under which it is here handled.

It is needless to do more than recall the fact, that the one grand cause of distress, doubt, and difficulty to the reflecting understanding has, in all ages, been the "origin of evil." In some shape or other, this has ever been *the* one awful, unsolved problem, before which humanity has shuddered and been abased. But these shapes have naturally taken their form and colouring from the special characteristics of the various epochs in human opinion and feeling, and from the various temperaments of the individuals who go to make up the entire mass of human life. In a metaphysical age, the discussion has taken a metaphysical form, and the different views embraced have been treated as the watchwords of separate "schools," rather than as the explanations of practical difficulties affecting the daily actions of life. In a controversial age, the discussion has been polemic and sectarian; and the scholastic logic of the middle ages on grace, free-will, and predestination, has given place to the more embittered rhetoric of Calvinism, Arminianism, and Pelagianism. In an age of civilisation and peace, and one so little, as an age, given to theological controversy as our own, the question

assumes a new form, borrowed from the practical life of the day. Now if there is one point in which this time is distinguished from the past, it is in its dislike to inflict needless sufferings upon any human creature. Undoubtedly it is often inconsistent in its ways of carrying out its principles; each nation, each creed has its own special irregularities in its application of the one idea which all civilised nations share in common. Undoubtedly also a considerable amount of silliness and mawkish twaddle is vented on all sides, in connection with these same views. Still, it is impossible to deny that there is a vast amount of truth, both philosophic and Christian, in the sentiment, or whatever we term it, which leads us to see in every human being *a man* like ourselves; with the same sensitiveness, the same nature, the same duties, the same capacities for pleasure, for sadness, for ecstasy, for agony, and lastly, the same eternity, as each one of us recognises in himself; and, by consequence, which leads us to shrink from inflicting *needless* suffering even on the worst specimens of corrupted humanity. It is a bright jewel in the crown of present civilisation, that it has learnt to distinguish between cruelty and manliness; between bloodthirstiness and courage; between a reckless disregard of other men's rights and an unflinching maintenance of those we are bound to protect. As for the notion that the age is more effeminate and cowardly than those gone by, it is a mere figment. The late war alone disproved it. Never were known more numerous and more heroic instances of manliness and daring than those displayed in the Crimean struggle, as there rarely has been a war conducted with so little bloodthirstiness and inhuman ferocity. Under the influence of such feelings, the old speculations as to the "origin of evil" now naturally present themselves in the guise of questionings as to the destiny of mankind in a future eternity. There is no overlooking the fact, that this is *the* question of the day. And the extent to which what is termed "universalism" has obtained possession of the more respectable and sincere sections of Protestantism is, we believe, without precedent in the history of the past. With Catholics, in a like manner, there is naturally an increasing instinct for speculating on the number of the elect, as compared with that of the lost. The unutterable awfulness of an eternity of suffering, following upon a life of a few years, impresses the Catholic of the nineteenth century with a vividness which could scarcely be comprehended by an age when the shedding of a man's blood was looked on as comparatively a trifling affair. People will speculate upon the destinies of the majority of God's creatures

with an anxious eagerness which cannot be repressed, and which must be at least corresponded to by a calm and candid exposition of whatever can be said on the subject.

We consider, accordingly, that Father Faber is more than justified in presenting his readers with his own views on this tremendous question. Whether his views are correct, is another consideration. We are not disposed to express any opinions of our own on the present occasion; but we have no hesitation in saying, that we think his chapter on "The great mass of believers" one of the most interesting, as it is one of the least rhetorically written, of any in the volume.

One point, indeed, which appears to us to go more than any other consideration towards influencing an ultimate decision, he has only glanced at in passing, namely, the extraordinary degree of ignorance which attaches to the actions of the great majority of mankind. Few persons, we believe, are aware of the extent to which a practical ignorance of duty prevails, even among those who are supposed to be tolerably well-informed. Because a man can repeat a few forms of words, a few theological statements, it is taken for granted that the ideas thus expressed have necessarily entered into his mind; nay more, that they have entered it in such a degree as to make him morally responsible to the fullest extent for acting upon those ideas. We are convinced, on the contrary, that it is extremely easy for a person to learn and repeat a large number of dogmatic and moral propositions, and to profess, without any positive insincerity, that he believes them, without realising their actual import in any practical sense whatsoever. And the very exactness and scientific brevity of Catholic dogmas and morals, makes them all the more easy to learn by heart and repeat in the fashion of a parrot. We need not enter into many details of illustration. A single instance will be abundantly sufficient. It is a mortal sin voluntarily, and without sufficient cause, not to hear Mass on Sundays and days of obligation. Now how extremely difficult is it to get uneducated persons brought up as Protestants, especially as Protestant Dissenters, to realise the *meaning* of what they are taught on this head with any such distinctness as to bring it home to their conscience that a definite rejection of God as God, and an eternity of punishment as a consequence, is involved in the needless staying away from Mass, say on Ascension-day, or the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Will any but a fanatical devotee to words and phrases pretend that, in the great majority of these cases, the English poor Catholics are actually *in the sight of God* regarded as deserving hell on this account? Yet here is as plain and simple a duty as can well

be conceived, involving nothing subtle or difficult about it. And the same practical ignorance, we are convinced, exists in almost every class of persons in some points; and affects their deserts as guilty or not guilty to such an extent, that it is perfectly hopeless for any but Almighty God Himself to state to what an extent they are exculpated in His sight.

Whatever, however, may be the differences of opinion as to the views Father Faber has expressed, on the manner in which he has discussed the subject there cannot be two opinions. It could hardly be handled in a more unexceptionable spirit, and it adds materially to the merits of a treatise which possesses so many other high claims to our admiration and respect.

One qualification, indeed, we must add to these claims. The treatise has the defect of overlooking, to a serious extent, the idea of absolute *responsibility* involved in the relationship of the creature to the Creator. It is a defect which is to be discerned in many of its author's writings, and which must tend practically to neutralise, in some degree, their healthy influence on the religious character of their readers. We miss a satisfactory exposition of the nature and influence of a Christian's fear of his God, as distinguished from the slavish terror of an alien or an enemy. Yet there cannot be love without fear, in any stage of the Christian life; and the too exclusive display of what are termed the more attractive attributes of the Divine nature, must tend to a morbid sentimentalism, an unmanly pietism, as far removed from Christian perfection as is that languid torpor which asks to be roused by rhetorical and almost exclusive pictures of hell and its agonies. That fear which the Apostle tells us is cast out by perfect love, is a fear which torments and agitates the soul, and not that deep and enduring sense of the infinite power and awfulness of the Divine Majesty which a creature, even when perfect in love, can never cease to feel. With the vast majority of Christians, it is of paramount importance that this sense of obligation to the God who made them should be habitually fostered by all legitimate means. For if it is a fundamental truth of religion that God made us from nothing that we might love Him, and that in loving Him we might find our sole peace and happiness, it is an equally fundamental truth that He made us that we might serve Him, and that He has enforced the duty of serving Him with the most awful of threatenings. We cannot separate the two ideas in teaching without danger, as they cannot be separated in reality. As fear without love is degraded to the servile terror of the reprobate, so an exclusive stimulating of love

on our part tends to destroy real love, and to substitute in its place a presumptuous self-confidence and a familiarity, which is as utterly opposed to the dictates of natural religion as it is to the whole spirit of the Scriptures and all the best writers on the spiritual life. And we venture earnestly to call Father Faber's attention to this truth. That he himself has personally any sympathy with the mawkish and unreal sentimentalism which we speak of, we do not for a moment imagine. But we think that, having a keen appreciation of the injury done to religion by the formality and frigidity which belong to what is termed the high-and-dry school, wherever it is found, he has adopted an opposite system to an extent which is hurtful to the ordinary run of Christians. And this it is which, to our eyes, gives an appearance of artificiality to many of those statements which people sometimes take to be the natural ebullitions of personal feeling and warmth of temperament. To our judgment, they have all the real coldness of the rhetorician, who makes up for his want of intensity of personal conviction by adding adjective to adjective, and piling tropes, metaphors, and apostrophes, in one heterogeneous and dazzling heap. Father Faber's own judgment, we are convinced, is more strictly sensible and solid; and it is under the conviction that the best parts of his understanding and acquirements have not yet been fully displayed in his works, that we thus criticise what we think his defects with a freedom which we should hardly use in the case of a writer of inferior calibre and less permanent value.

We are glad to be able to append to this article the following criticism on the general spirit of F. Faber's writings, which we have received from a distinguished master of the spiritual life since our own remarks were written. It treats the subject from a point of view different from our own, and in a manner which appears to us to deserve the most anxious consideration on the part of those who approve entirely of Dr. Faber's method.

My dear ——, Admirable is the aim of all Dr. Faber's writing—that of inculcating on the minds of his readers the supreme advantages of a great confidence in God. I would not suppress one syllable of all that he has written to exhibit God as the loving Father of His creatures; but, whilst I would have this divine perfection always present to the mind, I would only have it used as the ground for the picture of the other adorable perfections of the Most Blessed Trinity,

so that besides His love, His majesty, His power, and His justice might shine in just proportion. This is what distinguishes the writings of the saints, and above all, those of the inspired writers. In the Psalms, the most striking peculiarity is perhaps the prophet's constant passing from the contemplation of those divine perfections which pierce his flesh with a holy fear, to that of the other perfections which enlarge his heart with confidence and love. This alternation of thought, always beginning with a humble knowledge of self, and ending with a loving confidence in the goodness of God, is the double-weighted balance which must keep all reasonable creatures on earth and in heaven in that just equilibrium which saves equally from despair and from presumption. The Blessed Virgin begins her Magnificat with the majesty of God and her own humility, and connects God's mercy with His creatures' fear—"*misericordia ejus timentibus eum.*" In the preface, where the Church militant unites with the Church triumphant to thank and praise God, it is said, "*laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes*, tremunt *Potestates, Cherubim quoque ac Seraphim;*" showing that, in proportion as the heavenly spirits approach the beatific vision of the infinite perfections of God, they are the more filled with an awe which increases with the increase of knowledge and love.

St. Bernard attributes the fall of Lucifer to his presuming to contemplate only the infinite goodness of God. Now this is the danger I apprehend for incautious readers of Dr. Faber's books; and the more so, as he intends them rather for those who are but beginning, or who have not yet begun, to walk in the way of perfection than for those who are more advanced (see preface to *All for Jesus*). It is true that now and then Dr. Faber hints at the holy fear of God, and the necessity of the practice of mortificatior ; but he does so in a quite accidental and unconnected manner, without showing the importance of it except in isolated chapters and passages; whereas it ought to be insisted upon as the very foundation of the edifice of salvation, not to speak of that of perfection. "*Major charitas, minor timor,*" says St. Augustine (sup. 1 John iv. 18); "*si autem nullus timor, non est quâ intret charitas. Nam sicut videmus per setam introduci linum quando aliquid suitur—seta prius intrat; sed nisi exeat non succedit linum. Sic timor primo occupat mentem,*" &c.,—"The greater the love, the less the fear; but if there is no fear, there is no way for love to come in. For as the needle draws in the thread, first entering itself, and then coming out to give place to the thread, so fear first possesses the soul." And again he says, "Perfect love expels fear, the

fear which considers God as Judge and Avenger; and it is necessary that this fear should precede, in order to introduce into our hearts the love that makes us consider God as a Father and a Spouse." St. Bernard used to say, that he dreaded the goodness of God far more than His justice; for the offences which we offer to a friend are greater, and worthy of greater punishment, in proportion to his goodness towards us. Thus St. Margaret of Cortona, when her charity had become perfect, complained of her divine Spouse because He seemed to have forgotten that she had been a sinner, and had ceased to give her that sorrow for her criminal life which she had felt in the beginning of her conversion. If it be true to say that perfect love banishes fear, it is likewise true that without fear love cannot cease to be imperfect: "*Cum metu et tremore salutem vestram operamini:*" "*regnum Dei vim patitur, et violenti rapiunt illud.*"

Dr. Faber truly says, that the evil of the time is a want of confidence and love. It is a truth, that if people had perfect confidence and love, all would be right; but it is not a truth, that the remedy to that evil is only to preach, "Have confidence and love!" No more than in a time of famine, although the evil proceeds from people not eating bread enough, would it serve much to write pamphlets upon the importance of eating bread, but to show the causes of the deficiency, and the speediest remedy to be applied to the evil. Now people have not confidence and love enough, because they do not empty their stomach of earthly food; and this they do not, because they do not fear God. Fear leads to abstinence and self-denial; self-denial to spiritual hunger: "*esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes,*" says the Queen of all the Doctors. The want of this fear is the real evil of this, as of former times. "*Desolatione desolata est terra, quia nemo est qui recogitat corde,*" or asks himself, What have I done? Who is God? Who am I? Where am I going? What is hell? Why has Jesus Christ died on a gibbet? This is the road by which we must pass to come to that grounded confidence to which I am afraid there is no shorter way.

Dr. Faber's favourite idea was also the favourite idea of the saints; but the saints made use of it to deter themselves and their disciples from the least stain of sin, and to enforce the practice of self-denial, in avoiding even the least and the most distant occasions. See the eighth letter of St. Philip Neri on the subject of detachment, mortification, and charity.

Dr. Faber (and the same may be said of many others who have happily come to be Catholics after many trials and

much thought) seems like one who has become rich on a sudden, and does not know how to spend his money because he has not learned the art by early and gradual experience. Following the impulses of a sanguine temperament, and of a humane and generous heart, he would fain make all men happy in the shortest and easiest way, forgetting that few have the same good natural qualities that he has, and that fewer still have developed them by long studies and great personal sacrifices. He appears to feel indignant with those who do not follow his method; and he goes so far as to find fault with the writings of the saints who have recommended the practice of mortification of the senses, at the same time that he twists the passages he quotes from them to make them serve his purpose. I allude to certain passages from St. Teresa and St. Alphonsus, which I can produce. He exalts St. Francis de Sales; but dislikes the *Spiritual Combat*, which St. Francis carried about with him upwards of twenty years, reading every day some pages, and making it the foundation of his own beautiful spiritual works on love and confidence. Again, it is hardly fair to make St. Alphonsus assert Dr. Faber's proposition of the large number of the saved, because he said that all who died within two years after assisting at a mission were probably saved. Dr. Faber scarcely remembered how St. Alphonsus conducted a mission. He always began by using every possible effort to make those who assisted at it enter into themselves through dread of God's judgments; and it was only after the hearts of sinners had been pierced by the fear of God, and they had washed the church-floor with their tears, that they were invited to think of the mercy of God. A mission, he used to say, which has drawn no tears of repentance from sinners is a failure. Now how few there are, after all, who avail themselves of the benefits of a mission according to the thought of St. Alphonsus! And of these how few die within the second year after! When well considered, this is but a poor argument to prove that St. Alphonsus agreed with Dr. Faber on the number of sinners who so easily gain the crown of the elect; nor is it an encouraging illustration for those who would satisfy themselves with "a moderate sorrow" only for their sins.

There is also in Dr. Faber's books, and especially in *All for Jesus*, a perpetual mistake, in quoting in support of his *easy ways* examples of the saints who had passed through the hard ways first, and even again and again after they had perfected their charity. Incautious readers, who have not yet begun to mortify their passions, and are eager to become

saints, or at least to be saved, at the cheapest possible rate, will naturally love Dr. Faber's principles; but the consequence will probably be that, instead of purging away their bad habits and sins, they will simply whitewash the sepulchre.

It will strike those who have some experience in the ways of God for the salvation of sinners, and for the perfecting of those who aspire to sanctity, that Dr. Faber can scarcely have passed through the trials common to those saints whose examples he quotes so richly and boldly. I think of him as of a man who, after spending his life in his cabinet, reading all the books published about the campaigns of great commanders, and their battles fought by land and sea, should afterwards write treatises filled with these examples in support of a new method of gaining victories in an easy and comfortable way. The weak side of Dr. Faber may almost be said to consist in his superiority of talent; for being already a distinguished theologian and hagiologist when he became a Catholic, he exercised his own judgment on all that he had read, without taking time to acquire experience or to profit by the experience of others, who, although less brilliant, might have helped him. His poetical imagination, quickness of conception, and facility of expressing his thoughts in a new and catching manner, and, let me add, the exaggerated praises which were lavished on him by distinguished prelates and others, who thought only of encouraging him, and rejoiced at the acquisition to the good cause of so able and zealous a champion, have caused him to rely too much, and always more and more, on his own views, and to believe that he had found the philosopher's stone.

A tree is known by its fruits. I have found that they who are fond of Dr. Faber's books have no relish for those of the saints most approved by the Church. They are all too dry,—even St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus. What they do read in this kind is generally something mystical—visions, or the most pungent asceticism presented under marvellous forms, as in B. Henry Suso.

This dislike of the simple classics of devotional theology will generally be found connected with a dislike of every kind of aridity and self-denial in the way of salvation and perfection; and it is not necessary to be a prophet to be able to foretell that, when the bewitching excitement created and renewed by the successive books of Dr. Faber has yielded to the inevitable fate of all human things, those who are most attached to his doctrine, to the exclusion of less piquant and poetical writers, will experience somewhat the same as those who, after reading a beautiful novel, fall into a deep melan-

choly distaste for a life stripped of idealities; only the case will be worse, because novel-readers, after all, know the folly of being influenced by tales grounded upon mere imagination, while the others will fall into the opposite extreme to that into which they had slipped so agreeably, and will pass from presumption to discouragement.

Yours, &c. ———

PHILLIPPS ON THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

On the Future Unity of Christendom. By Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. London: Dolman.

A PROPHET, if he wishes his predictions of the future to be credited, should be careful not to show ignorance of the present and past; for if he talks nonsense about subjects which we know, how shall we believe him when he talks about that which we understand not, especially if he adds self-contradiction to errors of fact?

The amiable author of the present pamphlet has not escaped these rocks. Addressing himself to all who "agree in accepting the Christian revelation as contained in the Bible," he tells us that the "theory of teaching" by means of masters descending, "by the successive laying on of hands," from the Apostles, is what is sometimes called "the rule of faith." That "Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Anglicans, all profess to hold one and the same rule of faith;" and that it is this "sublime theory" which is to enable the nations to attain to the proper standard of morals. The writer will not inquire in whom the guilt of the breach of this unity, or theory, or rule, or whatever else it is, lies; he only says, very truly, that he speaks rather from an Anglican than from a Catholic point of view.

The first point is, to examine the hopes held out by the "theory" of union between Catholics and Anglicans. And here he quotes F. Leander, the President of the English Benedictines about 1630, who reports to the Pope that the Anglican Church "retains an *external appearance* of the ecclesiastical hierarchy;" and then goes on to detail in what this hierarchy consists. Hereupon F. Leander is supposed to bear testimony to the "theory." Nothing can be more unfair to that great man, who at least knew his logic. F. Leander set up St. Gregory's seminary in Douai, to which he invited all the Anglican ministers whom he could convert, whose orders he treated as a mere imposition, and whom he caused to receive the sacraments *ab initio*,—confirmation, ton-

sure, minor orders, subdiaconate, and at last priesthood, and that without any condition or other implication of doubt concerning their having any other ecclesiastical status than that of laymen. This was keeping Anglicanism pretty wide apart from Catholicity; and yet this Father is Mr. Phillipps's "testimony" to such a substantial resemblance between the "churches" as would have led long ago to a reunion, "but for the obstacles opposed to it by the bitter spirit of polemical controversy on the one hand, and by political prejudice on the other;" which appears to be our author's estimate of the relative guilt of Catholics and Protestants. The next witness is Father Newman, in one of his Protestant books, where he asserts that the Thirty-nine Articles, though *primâ facie* heretical, yet must be interpreted in a Catholic sense *if the Church of England is to be Catholic*. Father Newman at that time thought it was so. He is now better advised, and has retracted his testimony; which Mr. Phillipps has therefore no right to bring forward, unless he had also adopted Father Newman's cast-off assumption of the Catholicity of the Church of England.

Next we have the canon quoted which (on paper) obliges ministers to preach in accordance with the Fathers—of course interpreting these Fathers by private judgment; and this is brought forward as a triumphant proof that the "Anglican theory" corresponds with ours! Then, after some historical observations on James II. and his "infatuated policy, in making common cause with the lowest Dissenters, instead of boldly urging a reunion between the Roman Catholics and the national Anglican Church," which crushed "the theory" for a time, our author rejoices in its resurrection in Tractarianism, which has already driven over so many to us, that "there is hardly a family in the realm which does not possess one of these converts;" and which is still gathering strength, and leavening England with Catholic ideas, as we may see by such institutions as Ecclesiological Societies, and such great works as, 1. Toovey's reprint of the *Aberdeen Breviary*; 2. Gibson's gloriously illustrated *History of Tynemouth Abbey*; and 3. Mr. Chambers's translation of the *Sarum Diurnal*. England, then, is tending to depart farther and farther from ultra-Protestantism; she is "becoming ever more firmly identified with her national Church;" and this Church is "becoming more vigorous and more influential every day." In time, the Government will favour Tractarianism; and then, though individual conversions to Popery (which, by the by, only serve to hamper and perplex parties) will cease, yet then also may the friends of concord lift up their heads, for their re-

demption draweth nigh. "Yes," cries our prophet, "I believe it will be so; and I believe it, not because I hope it, but because *I see* it coming." Let only Catholics co-operate with Anglicans, and then we shall be a united people; the Queen will be defender of the faith, and her dominion the very type of moral and physical grandeur.

This result Mr. Phillipps thinks not so difficult as may be imagined, as a review of the chief obstacles will show.

The first obstacle is, that though the Church of England is a very pretty Church on paper (?), and had in Edward VI.'s time something like Extreme Unction, and in some old editions of the Prayer-book a service for touching persons affected with the king's evil, and still has some wonderful ceremonial for installing knights of the Garter; yet, in fact, it is a body of men holding every imaginable heresy, and gradation of heresy. But undoubtedly the Protestant clergy are getting stronger in the Fathers, the necessity for belief of some sort is being gradually recognised; and so things are really progressing towards "the meeting of all men of good-will in one mighty botherhood (*sic*) of Christian belief and Christian love" (p. 25). Botherhood of belief and love *concedimus;* Christian we doubt, especially if *we* do as Mr. Phillipps advises us, viz. beseech God to enlighten *us*, so that *we* may come to an agreement, and that faith may take the place of doubt. Either this is a transparent fraud upon Protestants, pretending that we reduce ourselves for companionship to their condition of seekers, and so gratuitously insulting to them; or it is honestly intended; and then it is a provisional doubt of our own faith, and so an insult to God.

The second obstacle comes from the Catholic side: we mistake the time for making individual proselytes. Our seer tells us that the body of Anglicans is ripe for conversion; and we "indiscreetly, unreasonably, injudiciously, and unseasonably" keep offending the body by dragging souls out of it one by one, as brands out of the fire. This, at the present time, is a great mistake, and quite contrary to the proper understanding of our Lord's command, "Go, teach all nations." Nations are nations, not individuals; not a mass of persons here, and a mass of persons there, but the collective nations—the French nation, the English nation, and so on; not a Catholic party in France, and a Catholic party in England, at war with every other section of citizens; but England and France severally and mutually confessing the same great truth. Christendom has now arrived at the great apostasy, by the governments, as such, being separate from the Church. Christianity is for the "fullness of the Gentiles,"

i. e. the Gentiles in their national capacity. Therefore the Church ought to behave in the most conciliatory manner to bodies of Christians in their corporate capacity; that is, we suppose, should not seek to break them up, by inviting individuals to come to her out of them, but should strive to keep them together, and to assist them to guard their own frontiers, in hopes that they will one day, in gratitude, make some sort of concordat with us. Mr. Phillipps here asserts that the *Rambler* lately stated that the Church has never treated with heretics in a corporate capacity. He misunderstands our statement. The Church has never recognised any divine corporation, which it would be a sin to dissolve, in heretics; she would have no scruple in filching one of their bishops from his flock, or priests from their bishops, or laymen from their heretical pastors. She recognises their corporate capacity when it is politic to do so; if, by so doing, she can convert a thousand people at once, it would be folly to insist that all the thousand should act independently, and come over one by one. She recognises the corporate character of heretics for prudence, not for principle; for convenience, not as of right, *ex jure Divino*. Whether the suspended right of a bishop returns after his reconciliation, is another matter. Any how, a right while in suspense is practically no right at all.

The next obstacle is the Catholic disbelief in the validity of Anglican orders, which Mr. Phillipps hopes to see corrected, as such correction would greatly facilitate the union.

The next obstacle is the Anglican doctrine; but he thinks we might agree upon some "doctrine for the future," in which certain things might be passed over in silence. Some German theologians, writing under the authority of the Emperor Leopold, declared that it is sometimes wrong to manifest all truths to the inquirer, or to ask him to renounce all errors. Anglicans have always kept enough Catholic faith to serve as groundwork of a confession, as may be seen in a letter of that truly learned and pious writer Dr. Pusey, to whom the glory of healing the divisions in the Church will belong more than to any other living man. This portion is concluded with an apologetic protest, showing how "far we have been from embracing what Protestantism condemns." Truly, if we believe our author, all religious differences are reduced to mistakes in facts; and the Platonic doctrine is true, that sin comes not from malice but from ignorance. Protestants are as good Catholics as ourselves, if they did but know it. Their objections are right in principle, but wrong in application.

Our author next treats of political difficulties on the side of the state. He holds to Gregory XVI.'s condemnation of Lamennais' principle, of the total separation of Church and State being the healthy position of the Church; but he topples over so much to the other side, that he might not unjustly be accused of being willing to make the Church subordinate even to an heretical prince and government. As the Gospel, he says, is for nations, not individuals, so kings are to be its nursing fathers and queens its nursing mothers. Jealousy and mistrust of the royal protectorate of the Church are nothing less than a direct insult to God Himself. For himself, our author avows that he would like to see Queen Victoria meddling with us as much as she does with her own Establishment: "I do not see that the royal supremacy, in its practical working in this kingdom, invests the crown with any power beyond what is exercised in Catholic countries by their sovereigns, with the full consent of the Holy See." * Then he tells us what Queen and Pope would have to do, though he is not presuming to dictate: "God forbid! I am merely showing, with the most profound reverence for each of the parties concerned, that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of an amicable adjustment between the *existing prerogatives* of the British Crown and the spiritual rights of the Church." He looks no further than the Crown. Parliament and people have no existence for this fossil politician —this accidental survivor of the Church-and-King men of Charles I.'s days.

The two last divisions of his subject, the political and religious advantages that would result from the restoration of unity, convey our author into his favourite regions of prophecy, where neither our faith nor our fancy can follow him. These oracles are, however, interspersed with a few facts which can be tested by the common-sense standard of historical knowledge; such as the assertion that, "in Malta and the *Ionian Islands* the *whole* native population is Catholic, of either the Greek or Latin rites." Can Mr. Phillipps

* Mr. Phillipps perhaps never saw the letter written in behalf of Montague (the very extreme of High-Churchmen) by the Bishops of Rochester, Oxford, and St. David's, to Buckingham, Aug. 2, 1625. These episcopal representatives of sublimest Anglicanism own "that when the clergy submitted themselves in the time of Henry VIII., the submission was so, that if any difference, *doctrinal or other*, fell in the Church, the *King and Bishops* were to be *judges* of it in a national synod or convocation, the king first giving leave under his broad seal to handle the points in difference." So first the king is sole judge whether the point shall be handled or no; secondly, he is head of the synod, and co-judge with the Bishops in the determination of the point itself. And this power is no more than that granted by Pius IX. to Louis Napoleon or the Queen of Spain!

be ignorant that in Corfu all the native population, except some 600 persons, are schismatic Greeks; and so violent in their hatred to Catholics, that the latter often go in fear of their lives, and sometimes get seriously injured by the attacks of the fanatical schismatics? Or is the statement made of malice prepense, in order to imply that, in Mr. Phillipps's opinion, the Greek schismatics are really Catholics? This, perhaps, is what he means by asserting that the union effected by the Council of Florence still exists *de jure*. But in this way any villain may be called a saint, because he ought to be so.

We should not have taken so much pains to furnish an abstract of this mischievous pamphlet, unless the author had puffed himself as an organ of English Catholicity; and that with such success, that, as we have heard from the mouth of one of our Bishops, he has had the melancholy satisfaction of preventing several persons from joining the Church, and thus breaking up the very compact body of Anglicanism by their defection. In other words, this gentleman, who works no miracles, and gives no sign either of natural wisdom or of supernatural illumination, is so confident in his own prophetical powers, that he scruples not to trust them in contradiction to the whole practice of the Catholic Church in England since the Reformation, to dissuade that which all our martyrs persuaded, and to recommend unfortunate persons to risk their souls, by remaining in a body which no mortal man but himself supposes will really join the Church during this century, and by remaining in which these souls will assuredly be lost unless such junction is effected in their lifetimes. If this is not a monomania, it is a crime. We do not bandy accusations of heresy, for we are not ecclesiastical judges; but, as private individuals, we assert that this pamphlet is scandalous to the very highest degree. It is, however, redeemed by one quality likely to neutralise its evil—besides its weakness—namely, the submissiveness with which Mr. Phillipps is ready to yield to the decision of authority against him.

THE HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND.

The History of Normandy and of England. Vol. 2. The three first Dukes of Normandy. By Sir Francis Palgrave, Deputy-Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. London: J. W. Parker.

Sir Francis Palgrave is the living apology for antiquaries, the standing proof that one whose talk is of parchments, whose fingers are dusty with mouse-eaten documents, and whose eyes are weakened with deciphering evanescent hieroglyphics, may yet have a soul unaffected with the dust wherewith the body is conversant,—a mind that rises far above a mere congeries of dates and genealogies,—a genius that can even distil from such unpromising materials the most vivid portraits and the most dramatic history. Yet Sir Francis is no romancer like Macaulay; he has much too high a conception of the dignity of his calling to allow him to disfigure history for party purposes, or to use it as a mere vehicle for brilliant theories. On his title-page stands the sentence of St. Augustine, which removes history from human institutions; for what is done cannot be undone, and has now passed into the region of God's unconditioned decrees. The historian who undertakes his task with such a thought, feels like a prophet who is speaking God's word, not his own; and while he will use all his critical acumen in sifting the truth from contradictory testimonies, and will lavish all the resources of his art in clothing this truth in the most becoming dress, he will at the same time feel it to be a kind of sacrilege to allow his illustrations to smother the truth, or to pervert its lessons, seeing that history is the pronounced judgment of God, and that the untruthful historian, like the false prophet, while professing to recount God's judgment, is cheating both God and man by substituting his own imaginations for the divine decrees. The man who supports a theory by garbled history, is like a fanatic who prefaces the recital of his dreams with "Thus saith the Lord."

One might fancy that a history of the Normans, if the historian made a conscience of being true, would be a short affair—a mere chronicle, a book of annals, with one or two events brought out distinctly, the rest merely noticed. This is not the case. Sir Francis's history of the Normans threatens to rival Macaulay's history of Whiggism in prolixity. We are by no means sorry for this. Long books are generally unendur-

able, but in history they are a necessity: annals are not history; dry digests and strings of dates give no notions either of the springs of human actions or of the decrees of God. Such strings are very useful to stretch across the picture of the past, to divide it into compartments, and to teach us at once where to place any genuine episode. They are the dry skeleton which supports the muscle and nerve of the organised living structure. The true student of history does not neglect this skeleton: he tries to impress upon his mind some outline, scanty perhaps, but accurate, of universal history; and then studies in detail some portion which has been written by a master, by one whom the consent of mankind has stamped as a classic, who knows how to combine the truth of the chronicler, the large views of the philosopher, and the eloquence of the orator. Such a history is that of Thucydides; such, for any reason we can see to the contrary, may be this history of the Normans. For, after all, it does not much matter what period is studied; history is not special philosophy, or literature, or cultivation; to seek these in thoughtless unlettered semi-barbarous tribes would be folly. But history is the action of man upon man; and this is ruled by the same motives, and carried out by similar means, in all stages of development. The cunning of the savage is different only in its artlessness from the policy of the civilised man. There is a unity in all history, built on the unity of human nature, and the identity of the Supreme Governor, in all ages of the world. History, after all, is only interwoven biography. It is, as Sir Francis says, always to be resolved into a series of epics; our attention is always directed to the one man through whom each concatenation of events is to be completed. Hence it is that in some periods history becomes impossible; there are too many chief actors; the interlacements of events baffle the skill of the synoptic historian; the mass becomes amorphous; there are over-many centres of crystallisation. But where the historian fails, the aid of the biographer may be called in: take your man as the centre, and the perplexing cycles and epicycles will combine in harmonious unity. The individuality of the soul is the foundation of history.

"No delusions," continues our historian, "in ethical science are more fraught with danger than those nominal abstractions which conceal from us the reality that all the judgments we pass upon the aggregates of human society, are only estimates of individual responsibility. It is only through those individuals whose acts become known to us, that our miserably imperfect conjectures respecting the secondary causes of human events can be sustained. Yet,

never render worship to any man as a hero. View the most sinful, or the least, among those whom the world celebrates, but as rebels suffered, or servants chosen, by the Almighty. Leaders, only because they are permitted to guide; not creators, but working out the will of the Creator.

Old words with new meanings originate new ideas. None perhaps in our days more detrimental to the highest interests of mankind, or more fatal to our temporal or eternal welfare, than the trivial term 'masses;' seducing us not merely to forget, but to ignore, the tremendous truth which our imperfect faculties can only humbly confess, that . . . . . every one of all the millions that live is as wholly an independent being in himself as if there were no one else in the world but he. And therefore every child of the Protoplast is more important before the Eternal than all the orbs or stars or planets in the cosmical universe. They were made for time, but man for eternity."

A man who writes history in this spirit, is not likely to stoop to the fashionable pictorial statistics which are dubbed with the name of history at the present day. The modern historian generally thinks he does his work best when he groups his subject into masses, and writes an account of "the people;" tells us in the lump what they ate and drank, what was the material and cut of their clothes, when they rose and went to bed, what furniture they had in their houses, how many could read or write, how much corn they raised per head, and how many acres they had under cultivation, and endless details interesting to registrar-generals. All this was passed off as real history; and loud was the laughter with which old chroniclers or court-annalists were received, who wrote only the accounts of those who, as they supposed, held the reins and guided the chariot of the State. But they were not so much out as the moderns fancied: they held a right principle. They may have been wrong in facts; they may have been blinded with the blaze of court-splendour, or carried away with the tide of court-flattery, and may have ascribed to a puppet-king the influence really exercised by far other leaders; other historians may discover these real guides, and may group the events of history round their true centres: but to deprive history of all centres, and to reduce it to an inorganised mass, is simply to destroy it, and to present a heap of bricks instead of a house. Great has been the contempt lavished on old writers who traced the English Reformation to the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn. The causes, we are told, are to be sought deeper,—in the ignorance of the people or the corruption of the clergy. But a picture of corruption is no history. History represents the

acts of an organised whole. These acts have leaders, and follow some law; the historian traces this law, and groups events round these leaders. If you will not allow that Henry was the guide of the national act, tell us who was so, and make him your centre; group the events in a new manner, and trace them to other sources, to other motives than have usually been assigned. But till you have found such a new centre, the historian will probably follow the old grouping; and Henry VIII., with his spurious wife, will still figure as the rebel suffered by God to lead away a whole people from the truth.

We have not space to follow Sir Francis into the stirring and lifelike details which he gives of the persons of his drama; nor can we quote any of his characters, pithy as those of Theophrastus, which we are astonished to find to be faithfully culled from old Norman minstrels, or from Italian poets of the time—but transformed by passing through Sir Francis's mind, and assimilated to the rest of his own writing. We must rather continue to indicate the general course which he follows in his history, and the general conclusions at which he arrives, or rather the principles by which he guides himself.

"*Tendimus in Latium*" is the opening of one of his chapters, in which he shows how from Rome all modern civilisation is derived; how the eagles of ancient Rome, and the black-robed priests of the modern city, have marched through the earth, breaking up the sulky solitudes in which barbarian peoples wished to confine themselves, seizing on the brave hearts, the strong limbs, the adventurous daring of the German and Scandinavian, subduing them, taming them, making them Rome's own instruments. Sir Francis, like most men who have made a conscientious study of mediæval records, is compelled to pay homage to the influence of the mediæval Church; and he does it with no grudging spirit, no implied half-censures, no affectation of sitting in judgment upon that which he recognises as his judge. Far as he is from all hero-worship, yet he is too keen-witted not to see the absurdity of an eighteenth-century knight of the goose-quill, giving sentence from his desk on the giants of old.

"Hagiology"—we quote the opening of his second chapter—"in this our 'age of progress,'—of progress certainly, but whither tending?—is an unpopular theme; at best but tolerated. It goes against the grain of our fancy. Popular writers most favourable to the *Acta Sanctorum*, treat their glorious company, their goodly fellowship, their noble army, in a patronising tone, hesitatingly, half-ashamed, making the most of their recommendable qualities or

talents, asking excuses for their simplicities, queernesses, or superstitions;—Gregory the Great kindly patted on the back by the essayist; or Bernard of Clairvaux encouraged to come forward by the historian, rather afraid of losing caste in the intellectual circles through his owning to such an acquaintance—somewhat after the manner of a fashionable *chaperon* introducing a *protégée* of dubious connections or questionable style."

The next paragraph must be taken *cum grano*, and allowance made for the Protestant mistake of supposing that we refer to humanity what we really refer to a special and most rare grace of God. Yet with this drawback, there is a fund of truth and good sense about it that may well command attention. In a short notice we quote some corresponding language of Father Newman upon the infirmities of St. Basil and St. Gregory. We, who are ready enough to laugh, and cry out "Serve you right," when a puritanical student of the Old Testament urges the force of its examples in behalf of polygamy, or of spoiling the Egyptians, or of using "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," might perhaps advantageously be careful how we commemorated among the exemplary and virtuous actions of saints such deeds as frightening a poor Jew out of a diligence in which he had paid for his place because his company was offensive to his saintly companion, or making a foot-servant keep up with a horse, refusing him time for eating or rest, and ascribing the good humour with which it was borne rather to the effect of the rider's sanctity than to the self-command of the runner. And yet these are genuine examples from published hagiology.

"The term hagiology, however, though none more appropriate can be substituted in its stead, is a mistake, a source of misconception. Turn which way we will in any mental inquiry, we are confounded with the fallacy of human language. We may be certain that those whose lives and actions are included under that category, would mourn the epithet bestowed upon them. The biography of saints is but the biography of sinners; amongst whom each would contend to be chiefest. It is the exaggeration of human perfectability which destroys the edification that such narratives of patience, piety, self-devotion, charity, humility, and fortitude, would otherwise impart. Nothing like this glozing view of human frailty has been taught to us. No veil has been cast upon the prevarication, the lust, the untruth, the bloodguiltiness, the denial, the anger, the incredulity,—the weaknesses, failings, transgressions, and sins of those who have been loved, chosen, called. All these things have been written for our edification, in order to refuse us any excuse for feigning that the holiest servants of God are exempted from the original corruption. We flatly contradict His holy word if we exhibit the

just as never failing. No miracle fancied in the golden legend could be so utterly incredible as the undeviating perseverance ascribed to humanity.

The false tenderness of hagiography has become catholic in the worst sense,—as nearly as may be universal: in secular literature it runs riot. Posthumous biography, posthumous memorials, in every variety, guise, and form, are pervaded by this debilitating, deluding, and mischievous influence. To lie like a pedigree might be a proverb, to lie like an epitaph is so. . . . . Every concealment of a blemish detracts from the living verity of the portraiture. No truthful representation of any popular hero can approach the fine ideal of popular fame. . . . . But the historian is not compelled to paint for a patron's pleasure: his primary vocation is to instruct; nor should he blench at the risk of displeasing. Let him not fawn either upon the living or the departed. He will be thanked in the long-run. Let him bide his time. He is in no wise responsible for the defects of his personages, still less is their vindication obligatory upon him. This conventional etiquette of extenuation mars the utility of historical biography, by concealing the compensations so mercifully granted in love, and the admonitions given by vengeance. Why suppress the lesson afforded by the depravity of the 'greatest, wisest, meanest' of mankind?—he whose defilements teach us that the most transcendent intellectuality is consistent with the deepest turpitude? The labours of the panegyrist come, after all, to naught. You are trying to fill a broken cistern. You may cut a hole in the stuff, but you cannot wash out the stain. Forget the worse than meaningless phrase, which represents the stiffened corpse as standing at the bar and appealing to the 'tribunal of posterity.' It is not before the judgment-seat of man that the dead will have to plead."

It appears to us, after reading the above and other passages from Sir Francis Palgrave's book, that all that is wanted to make him a Catholic, or at least to make him take a Catholic view of history, is a little more distinct recognition of the *supernatural* as well as the *natural* intercourse between the Creator and His creature. Utterly opposed to the great heresy of modern days which makes man the creator, while it reduces God to a universal gas, or at best to a universal law, as is Sir Francis, he yet seems to ignore, or at least to overlook, the operations of grace. He is admirable within the realm of ethics, or of natural religion, or of Christianity considered objectively with regard to God, not subjectively with regard to man; but we do not find much trace of his understanding its supernatural power. Yet let us receive what we have with all due thankfulness; for our consciousness of the supernatural order should not make us forget that we have also our place in the natural, and that the ethical

virtues, proprieties, and beauties are just as fragrant and important in the supernatural as in the natural man.

In the following passage Sir Francis reflects on bigotry; in the natural order so repulsive and so utterly groundless:

"Like mirror placed opposite to mirror, hating minds repeat hatred in endless perspective; but not like the mirrors, fainter and fainter. In all such quarrels, each man ascribes to his foeman the faults of which he possesses the full equivalent,—may be, the very same. Every heart, however tender, includes a stony fragment never softened into flesh; the heart of stone is never entirely taken away. No intolerance more inveterate than that which inspires all of us, the advocates of universal toleration. Alas for the 'sacred right of private judgment,' claimed by every one, but allowed by no one! Who permits it? Do you? Do I? Not you. Not I. My permission of private judgment is this: think as you please, provided you think so as to please me. Believe what you choose of your own free choice, but choose my creed. And if you make your own free choice, your 'choice' is my 'heresy.' And your permission is the same—my 'choice' is your 'heresy.' There is not a page of the tract-distributor's tract, or the Anti-Tractarian or Tractarian sermon, or a leaf of the liberal or illiberal broadsheet, which, under favourable circumstances and fostering influences, might not develop into a san-benito *semé* with flames. Even the most merciful amongst human creatures are therefore ofttimes the most merciless: there is one grudge which they never forget; one affront they never forgive; one opinion they never bear with; one offence they never pardon; —the bitterness concentrated in one channel becoming more intense than when diffused."

If we had chosen extracts to illustrate Sir Francis's brilliant narratives, instead of the principles which guide him in writing, we should have been compelled to extend this notice much beyond the space we could afford it. Our readers must take our declaration on trust, that the life and vividness of the busy narrative give it all the interest of a novel, and make us almost gape with astonishment when we consider the author's rigid canons of historical truthfulness on the one side, and on the other, the unpromising character of the materials on which he had to work. Truly, *suxit mel de petra, et oleum de saxo durissimo,* and has provided most wholesome as well as palatable reading for all the world. We have only one hope to express before concluding: that the same spectacle which Germany witnessed when she saw such men as Stolberg and Hurter compelled, by the lights they gathered in their historical researches, to submit to the ancient faith, may be repeated in Sir Francis Palgrave for England; and that so much truth and industry, and such excellent endowments, may not be cheated of their proper end.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL.

The Life of Handel. By Victor Schœlcher. Trübner and Co.

M. SCHŒLCHER tells us that this work has been composed by him "in the bitterness of exile." We do not care to inquire whether his exile is the consequence of a difference with the powers that be, or a "difficulty" with his tailor; all we can say is, that we shall have small cause to quarrel with the circumstances which compel so many of our continental neighbours to seek a refuge in perfidious Albion, if it lead to occupation as innocent and praiseworthy as that which has beguiled our author's retirement. The *soupçon* of socialistic sauce wherewith he has rather suggested than given a flavour to his sound *pièce de résistance*, is of so homœopathic a character, that it will be, we are happy to believe, almost overlooked by the hungry palates of vigorous Handelians. And in the number of ardent admirers of the genius of the Saxon giant, we are proud to declare ourselves.

Amid the thousand heroes of the musical Walhalla, there are two forms which tower grandly above the rest: Handel, the mighty master of vocal harmony; and Beethoven, the ruler of the spirits of pipe, and reed, and string. Of these two, England claims a peculiar and special interest in the first. The accident of his birth, to be sure, we cannot help. Born at Halle, in the duchy of Magdeburg, in Saxony, we suppose it must be conceded that he was in that respect a German. But, at all events, in England and for England he lived; and from 1718 to 1759, the year of his death, the career of George Frederick Handel becomes an essential feature, and perhaps the most respectable of the very few respectable features, in the history of those unseemly times, when the first two monarchs of the house of Hanover reduced kingcraft to the level of the gutters. Most truly does M. Schœlcher observe, in his preface, that "the life of Handel can only be written, and his works can only be studied, in England. There only is he well and widely known; there only is he sung, and played, and venerated, as he deserves to be." Yet, strangely enough, it has been reserved for a foreigner to complete the task which the countrymen, by birth and by adoption, of the wonderful musician have both left unfinished; and we are deeply indebted to M. Schœlcher for the unflagging interest, perseverance, and careful research,

which have enabled him so successfully to gather up the widely-scattered and fragmentary materials, which he has now built up into the best biography extant of one of the very greatest of composers. We are nauseated with drivel about "undeveloped" characters in Shakespeare, with whining appeals about the lineal descendants of his great-grandmother's wife's aunt's second cousin twice removed; and it is not without some feeling of humiliation that we congratulate our author on his manly choice of a subject which should long ago have been treated, if not exhausted, by English writers. But somehow these are days for notes and queries, antiquarian small-talk and maudlin æsthetics; not for honest literary labour and the production of sound books. A tinsel reputation glitters in the eyes of the mob, and it costs but a small price.

The present biographer has at least one advantage over his few predecessors who, after a fashion, have written the Life of Handel—he is not a professed musician. Much as we value the criticisms of able professors, we think it all but impossible for either painter or composer so to separate himself from the technical peculiarities he cannot but have, if worthy the name of artist, as to enable him to form an unbiased judgment on the works of a professional brother. Like Archimedes, he wants a place whereon to stand. He is too near his object to take a general view. So we find that art-criticisms by artists are almost invariably one-sided, —sometimes all sun, sometimes all shadow,—hardly ever, to borrow a photographic term, properly *binocular*. But though M. Schœlcher confesses that he is so "untechnical that he would be hard put to it to read the gamut," his notices of the effects produced on his "musical sensuousness" by the performances of the master-pieces of his great subject sufficiently prove that neither his ears nor his taste are wanting in cultivation. When of necessity his imperfect amateurship hesitates, he finds an able and willing assistant in Mr. Rophino Lacy, to whose intimate and accurate acquaintance with all Handel's compositions he bears grateful testimony; but he is not reduced to the deplorable duality of poor Ariel in Mr. Kean's revival of *The Tempest*, in which that tricksy spirit flourishes his pink legs, bathed in electric light, *before* the scenes, while his voice lurks (in the shape of clever Miss Poole), not "where the bee sucks," but *behind*, among the carpenters and machinists.

In short, the *Life of Handel* is very well done; and we recommend it not only to *fanatici* and "professors," but to all sober and intelligent lovers of the glorious art, and to

readers in general. Handel was emphatically a great man, in a day when littleness was at a premium; and the history of a great man should have a universal interest. Even those whose misfortune it is to be as impenetrable as Hotspur to the sweet language of harmonious sounds, must yield no niggardly admiration when they read of his indomitable resolution, energy, and perseverance, conquering defeat and bankruptcy; of his noble and inflexible independence, exhibited in the face of a degraded and dishonourable aristocracy which brought every low and debasing art into play in order to compass his utter ruin; when they consider his strict integrity in an age of startling corruption, his personal purity while the very decencies of life were sneered at in all fashionable society; and his princely benevolence, unchecked in its flow by personal difficulties and the severest trials. Handel had, it is true, great faults; but he was a Lutheran born,—a servant and pensioner of the most filthy of courts,—a member of a profession looked upon as menial,—the director of an establishment abounding in every temptation against chastity and honour; and he comes out from all this as bright as precious metal when compared with the surrounding dirt and dross.

We cannot pretend, in the space of a short notice, to attempt any analysis of the laborious contents of the volume before us, which contains more than 400 pages; but must leave them to be carefully studied, as we hope they will be, by a large majority of our readers. M. Schœlcher will not shock them by any outrageous attack upon their *amour-propre;* the few pricks in which he indulges are so good-naturedly administered, that the British lion who growls must be thin-skinned indeed. Indeed, we have never met with a more satisfactory, nor, as we believe, a more just judgment of our national musical taste and acquirements. At the end of his chapter on the "Character and Genius of Handel," he writes:

"One may be disposed to say that Handel himself was a great conqueror. Thanks to his indefatigable perseverance, to his moral courage, to his indomitable will, and to his masterpieces, he succeeded, before he died, in dissipating the cabals which had been formed against him, in crushing folly and in conquering universal admiration. The public was enlightened by the torch which he held constantly in his hand; the impression which he left behind is profound and living. It is ineffaceable. There is no other similar example in the history of art of the influence which one man can exercise over an entire people. All the music of this country is Handelian; and if the English love, seek after, and cultivate more than

any other nation Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, they are indebted to the author of the *Messiah* for it. No man, in any country, has dominated more generally over men's minds in his sphere of action; no composer ever enjoyed in his native land a more unlimited popularity."

We entirely agree in the truth of all this. The judgment of the four masters named is not wanting in confirmation of Handel's title to the high position he has attained in this country. Bach greatly desired to meet him, having the most profound admiration for his genius; but circumstances prevented the interview from taking place. Haydn exclaimed, "He is the father of us all." "Handel," said the dramatic Mozart, "knows better than any one of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses, he can strike like a thunderbolt." Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom." To Moscheles he said, "He was the greatest composer that ever lived; I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." When dying, he had the volumes of Handel's works, which had shortly before been presented to him by a friend, brought into the room; and pointing to them, as he gazed with a re-animated eye, he said, "There is the truth."

We conclude by drawing attention to a long note on the "State of Music in England," placed in the author's appendix, and which is an amended edition of an article contributed by him to the *Critic* of June 2, 1856. Its fairness and candour are worthy of all imitation; and, though we may demur against certain opinions as founded on insufficient knowledge, it is substantially, and for the most part literally, correct in fact and deduction. He says:

"Those who have never lived in England, usually deny that there is in that country any taste for, or knowledge of, music. Never was there a greater mistake. Without excepting either Germany or France or Italy, there is no country where classic compositions are more eagerly sought for, listened to, and appreciated than in England; there is no country where one may hear better music, or where it is executed on a more magnificent scale."

He goes on to enumerate our various past and existing musical societies, capping the list with a column of concert advertisements from one copy of the *Times*. "Surely it will be admitted that the country in which so much music is to be found in one day must be musical." Nor is it quantity only that he finds among us, but quality also. Of Bach's Passion-Musik, Beethoven's colossal Mass in D, Cherubini's in C, he remarks, "Where but in England can you depend sufficiently upon the public to risk the outlay of producing them? . . . . It is

certain that musical criticism in England is more serious, and, above all, more learned than in France. . . . . I do not hesitate to state, that whoever has not heard an oratorio executed in London, or at one of the provincial festivals, has not tasted the full amount of delight which music is able to give him. Thus it seems, then, that the bad reputation which England has on the Continent as a musical nation arises from a prejudice."

M. Schœlcher adds very truly, that, "on the other hand, the English entertain some prejudices with respect to the French;" and reminds us of the neglect with which we treat divers of the best operatic composers of his nation, notwithstanding our being such users and abusers of music, that at all exhibitions, whether of wax-work, Turkish costumes, or lion-slayers, we cannot get on without a "gentleman who pianofies away in a corner, with his nose in the air."

But we must take leave of our French biographer, with present thanks for the service he has already rendered to English literature, and with anticipatory thanks for the "exact and complete catalogue of Handel's works" which he promises shortly in a separate volume, and for the appearance of which we shall look with much curiosity and interest.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Church of the Fathers. By J. H. Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. New edition. (Dublin, Duffy.) We are delighted to see a new edition of this charming book, which well exemplifies Dr. Newman's method of treating history. There is no reticence, no slurring over of unpleasant or disedifying details; characters are drawn in their completeness; their imperfections as well as their heroic virtues are brought out; and in consequence St. Basil and St. Gregory, St. Anthony and St. Martin, move before us as real men of flesh and blood, not as incomprehensible abstractions illustrative of particular virtues: "their lingering imperfections make us love them more without leading us to reverence them less, and relieve the discouragement and despondency of those who in the midst of much error and sin are striving to imitate them." "If," says the author, in a chapter on St. Gregory, "my tone is of too historico-critical a character to suit a canonised saint, all I can say is, that Gregory is dear to me because he is a man; and that as I venture in familiarity, I advance in devotion." The work consists of biographical sketches of some of the great actors in the ecclesiastical

drama of the fourth century, when the Roman empire became Christian, the Church seemed to succumb to Arianism, and countless barbarians poured in upon empire and Christendom. The sketches are all written with a controversial intention, to make Protestants feel and realise how different their Establishment is from the primitive Church, to which they impudently or ignorantly appeal.

The Great Question; or, Why did God create you? By the Rev. J. Furniss. (Duffy.) This is No. 2 of the series of little books for children which Father Furniss is publishing. Its chief value results from its simplicity of style, and the capacity (a rare one) which its writer possesses of addressing himself, not in language alone, but in mode of thought, to the capacities of those whom he addresses. We may mention the third chapter, "God has given to you a soul, and your soul is a spirit," as a fair illustration of this valuable gift. Besides direct explanations of doctrine and morals, Father Furniss contrives to introduce little details more or less interesting to children, but the utility of which some persons may question; for instance, the information about the weight of saliva which is swallowed at a meal, and the horrible story about the child being damned, at pp. 39 and 40.

The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its origin in Greece down to the Present Day. By George Henry Lewes. (London, John Wm. Parker.) This is an old work re-written; its object is, in a very popular and anecdotical way, to prove by the history of philosophers that there is no such thing as philosophy; to show that metaphysics is an arch thrown from nothing to nothing; that whereas physical science runs along in a straight line *ad infinitum*, ontology is a circle continually returning upon itself, and running round and round its own monotonous treadmill, from scepticism through common sense to scepticism again. Mr. Lewes is a partisan of Comte and the positive philosophy, and does not allow that man has any ideas independent of experience. Perhaps he has not; but for all that, there is more in our ideas than experience can give us; we may not be able to exhibit this superfluous quantity quite pure and defecated from all the lees of sensation, but there it is, in spite of the positivists. True, it does not lead of itself to much available knowledge; the certain deductions from it are soon exhausted; practically, those who deny it use its laws as really as those who affirm it;—but this it does: it opens the intellect to a new world, it gives the mind an interest in things cognate to itself; it lends the soul wings to soar above nature, and to demand a revelation of the supernatural. No one will say that this is superfluous who is not prepared to deny the good of a revelation at all,—to deny God, and the soul, and the reality of their intercourse.

Again, metaphysics must run in a circle; for the science considers the soul, and her hold on necessary truth. Now necessary truth does not enlarge with our enlarged knowledge of the contingent laws of nature; nor are souls built up on souls, so that the last created is an improvement on that of Adam. The circle is continually recurring for each,—creation, maturity, decline, oblivion; metaphysics educates the individual soul, and when that is done, it begins to educate the next, not from the point where it left the former soul, but from the very beginning; and so it will continue till doomsday, in spite of the positivists. After all, the lowest spirit is better than the highest matter; and the laws of spirit, however obscure, are more human in their interest than the laws of matter, however certain.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his Wife. Edited from the original Mss. by the Duke of Norfolk, E.M. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This beautifully got-up volume illustrates that branch of English Catholic history that has been least worked, and is most interesting in itself; our annals record rather a series of personal conflicts than any grand political combinations. In fact, the political part of our history is generally dry, sometimes unedifying: squabbles of seculars and regulars, the passing of more and more stringent penal laws, the failure of some unhappy plot of a few desperadoes, and the revenge taken on the innocent by a government glad of a pretext for iniquity; armies without leaders, campaigns without plans, futile hopes and bitter disappointments,—such items form the staple of our history, in the usual signification of the word; but divide it into a series of single combats, of stirring biographies, and of strange escapes, and we almost get materials for Iliads and Odyssies.

The lives before us are favourable specimens of what family archives, well searched, may in several instances be expected to disclose. We do not say that the narratives are told in as lively and popular a manner as they might be; nor do we mean to praise the method of the hagiographers of the sixteenth century, who divided a person's life into virtues instead of into acts historically and chronologically sequent; but in these old biographies we find a touching story truthfully and simply told, and many incidental notices which are calculated to give great light to the Catholic historian of the period. We have to thank the duke, not only for a most interesting book, but still more for setting an example that we hope will be followed by the other great Catholic families of the kingdom.

Margaret Danvers; or, the Bayadère. By the Author of "Mount St. Lawrence." (Dolman.) Margaret Danvers is a strong-minded young lady, who is a good shot and a good swimmer, and has infidel views on the subject of religion and duty; but is nevertheless possessed of a woman's heart, a refined nature, and fine moral instincts. She is a sceptic because she was brought up to be nothing particular, and has never been in the way of meeting with the results of religion embodied in real life in such a way as to convince her that there is any thing definitely divine in the Christian revelation. The "Bayadère" is not a dancing-girl, but a yacht, which has not much to do with the story. Of course, in the end Margaret becomes a Christian and a Catholic. We are happy to inform our readers, however, that notwithstanding her skill with the rifle and her natatory qualifications, she is decidedly good-looking, and sings, plays the harp, composes, and writes rather middling verses; and further, that the process of her conversion is carried on by the course of the story, and not by long-winded conversations. The story, too, is not in any sense what may be called a "pious" story, or a theological story. On the contrary, it is really a novel, and a very clever one, reminding us of one of Miss Edgeworth's best tales, but with less of that intensified wisdom and prudential good sense which is a fault in that lady's otherwise brilliant fictions. *Margaret Danvers* is, in fact, the best thing its author has yet published; and, notwithstanding its use of the stale incident of the changing of infants by their nurse, will amuse many people as much as it has amused ourselves.

Mr. Young of Birmingham has made a new medal for the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, oblong in shape, somewhat like an old abbey seal, of good workmanship, moderate price, very correct, mediæval, and pretty. It requires, however, some acquaintance with the heraldry of hagiography to be able to recognise the six saints, who, together with the Blessed Virgin, find places upon its two sides.

Correspondence.

"ALICE SHERWIN" AND THE DOMINICANS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Sir,—After reading the notice of *Alice Sherwin* in the last Number of the *Rambler*, I wrote to the author, drawing attention to the purport of your reviewer's remarks; but as I have had no reply, I conclude that my letter has not reached its destination, particularly as I was by no means certain of the correctness of the address. I should feel obliged, therefore, by your allowing me to say, that the charge against certain English Dominicans in the days of Henry VIII. would not have been allowed to stand, had I not satisfied myself on inquiry that the author had substantial grounds for the statement made in the work. On the merits of the case I have nothing personally to say, except that, if the passage to which your reviewer adverts be that which occurs at the beginning of chapter xxv., he has extended the terms of the indictment far beyond the limits which the words of the writer expressly imply. The passage runs thus: "In the spring of 1535 the greatest consternation prevailed amongst all who remained faithful to the ancient faith, more especially in the communities *in and around London*. The Dominicans *of the metropolis* had weakly yielded, and, notwithstanding the protest of Warham against their act, had acknowledged Henry as their supreme head." And in a private letter addressed to me, August 22, 1856, the author thus writes: "As regards the Dominicans, I am perfectly accurate. The Dominicans were not included in the amnesty of 1531; but after the prorogation of parliament, May 31st, the *London* [thus italicised in the original] Dominicans purchased their pardon, unreservedly acknowledging Henry as supreme head of the Church, and paying a considerable sum. Warham, in the name of the Church, instantly protested against this act. . . . It must be remembered, that those colleges, &c. not included in the amnesty, were obliged to treat *directly* with Henry."

As the question is one of fact, and not of opinion, I trust I am not transgressing the rules of journalism in begging you to be so good as to insert this communication in your next Number. I am naturally anxious, for the credit of the series, that it should not be supposed that a charge, not against the glorious order of St. Dominic, but against certain of its members, at a critical period in the history of the Church in England, had been either lightly made or carelessly admitted.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

The Editor of the Volume.

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